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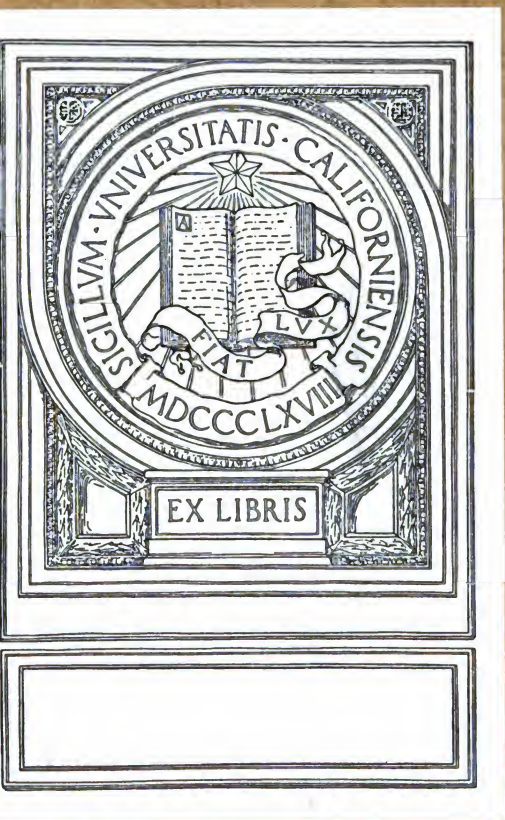
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Saint Francis Xavier, apostle of India and Japan

**John Clement
Reville**



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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Saint Francis Xavier

Apostle of India and Japan

By JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF AMERICA

NEW YORK
THE AMERICA PRESS.

1919

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Imprimi potest:

JOSEPHUS H. ROCKWELL, S.J.
Praepositus Prov. Marylandiae Neo-Eboracensis

Nihil obstat:

ARTHURUS J. SCANLAN, S.T.D.

Censor Librorum

Imprimatur:

JOSEPHUS F. MOONEY

Administrator

Neo-Eboraci:

die 26, Februarü, 1919

Copyright, 1919

By

THE AMERICA PRESS

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P R E F A C E

This sketch of the life and character of the Apostle of India and Japan, closely follows the standard lives of the great missionary, that especially of Father A. Brou, S.J., the monumental "*Saint François Xavier*," which combines in an admirable degree the qualities of romantic interest and scholarly research. To Father Brou, the writer has closely adhered, for with his predecessors, Cros and Michel, this most authoritative of all the historians of St. Francis Xavier has said all that need be known of the "giant" of the missions. But other volumes have been consulted, the "*Monumenta Xaveriana*," the "Life and Letters" of the Saint by Father J. H. Coleridge, S.J.; the earlier biographies, the one by Bartoli especially, which is a little given to exaggeration, still manages to thrill its readers with its epic ring; Bouhours' life, known to English readers through Dryden; the fine sketch in dear old Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints"; the one in the first volume of the "*Varones Ilustres de la Compañia de Jesus*," and Father Martindale's review of Xavier's career in the first section of his studies of Jesuit Saints, entitled "In God's Army." No writer dealing with the Saints can neglect the processes of their beatification and canonization: in the case of Xavier, these have been faithfully consulted and followed.

Xavier was a herald of the Cross. This book lays claim neither to originality, scholarship nor research. It asks but one privilege. No matter how narrow a circle, it would like to be the herald of the virtues of this truly great man, one of the noblest heroes and Saints of the Church of God.

J. C. R.

St. Francis Xavier

CHAPTER I

On the Hills of Navarre

(1506-1525)

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century, at the dawn of that epoch when Spain was to become the first power in the world, an old feudal castle might be seen on the southern slope of the western Pyrenees, keeping watch like a faithful sentinel over the highway that led from Upper Navarre into the royal domain of Aragon. With its moat, over which the drawbridge swung from its heavy chains, with its wall of defense crenelated and loop-holed, its four weather-beaten towers clasping in their arms the home of the master, the castle looked like a battle-scarred warrior on duty for country and king. Over the castle itself mountain and hill flung their shadows. Not far from its walls ran the stream that divided Upper Navarre from Aragon. At a short distance was the royal villa of Soz, where Ferdinand the Catholic was born. A few miles away under the marble pavement of the monastery of Leyre, the old Kings of Navarre, "after life's fitful fever" slept the sleep that knows no waking, and the good monks came to pray for the repose of their souls. Away to the north-west frowned the ramparts of Pampeluna and almost due west was the little town of Sangüessa, then famous for its monasteries and its schools.

In this old castle, amid such picturesque surroundings, on the Tuesday of Holy Week, the seventh of April, 1506, a son was born to Doña Maria de Azpilcueta, wife of Don John de Jassu, Counselor to the King John d'Albret, and Lord of Xavier and Ydocin.

The boy received in Baptism the name of Francis. Catholics throughout the world venerate him as the greatest of missionaries and apostles since the days of Peter and Paul and their brethren, and call him St. Francis Xavier. He was born a few weeks before Columbus, the great Pathfinder, and the Discoverer of the New World, died in poverty at Valladolid, as if God wished that the man who bore the light of the Gospel to the West should not end his earthly career before a child was given to Spain who should bear the message of the Cross to the remote and pagan East.

The family, in which Francis de Jassu y Xavier was the sixth child, belonged to the nobility of Navarre. It had given, on the father's side, to the service of Church, country and King, magistrates of irreproachable honor, learned doctors, fighting men also, who, with the finest qualities of Basque, Navarrese and Spanish blood mingling in their veins, were never known to turn back from a fight or betray their duty. Doña Maria de Azpilcueta, the mother of Francis, was a soldier's daughter and could trace back her lineage through a long pedigree of feudal lords, to Duke Eridon Aznar, the common ancestor of the Kings of Aragon and Navarre.

But in their fortress home of Xavier, Don John de Jassu and Doña Maria de Azpilcueta seldom thought or spoke of their ancestral honors. They knew how little these honors enhanced their genuine worth, and realized that it was not in them, but in themselves, in their own virtues, in their own life and conduct that they must look for their true merit and greatness.

From all that we can gather from the scanty records of the childhood and boyhood of Francis, the life in the grim stronghold of his race, must have been one of rugged simplicity, surrounded by an atmosphere of profound faith, the faith of Catholic Spain in its days of glory, of loyalty to God and King,

of the tenderest union between the lords and masters of the manor and their children. There is no country in the world where children are treated with such tender care as in Spain. And with his brothers Michael and John, and his sisters Maria, Anna and Magdalena, his seniors by some years, but to whom he was devotedly attached, the early years of the future apostle must have been ideally happy.

For the castle of Xavier sheltered a truly Christian family. The influence of the grave Don John de Jassu and of the gentle Maria de Azpilcueta; the example of the fair Magdalena, who gave up her position as lady-in-waiting to Isabella the Catholic and became a Poor Clare, of his sister Maria, who was to edify the Abbey of Santa Engracia at Pampeluna by her virtues; the priestly life and the learning of his cousin, Doctor Don Martin de Azpilcueta, one of the most eminent canonists of Spain; the lessons of another priestly relative, Don Michael de Azpilcueta; the piety and affection of his maternal aunt, Doña Violanta, who to the manners of a high-born Spanish matron joined the virtues of a recluse, were slowly molding the character of the boy. The household in which he lived was the cradle of those heroic virtues which later on he was to practise. The seed was planted in those early years which produced such splendid harvests in India and Japan.

While the example of that Christian household was molding his character, the ancestral memories and the picturesque nature around him were helping in the task. The boy could roam through the castle and gaze with wondering eyes upon the tapestries which hung on its walls, with their pictures of the deeds done by his ancestors against the Moors, or the legends of the Saints, or the Life of Christ. Often, no doubt, he loitered in the armory where hung the lance and sword of the knights of a bygone age, or knelt with

the faith of his young and pure heart before the miraculous Crucifix which ever since the thirteenth century had been preserved in the castle. Every room in the old fortress had its tale, every stone and turret whispered its legend of strife and war.

Out beyond the ramparts were the hills and mountains of Navarre and they called to the son of their hardy mountaineer stock. Time and again Francis scaled their cliffs to track the rabbit amid the winter snows, to harry the eagle's nest, to ramble with his Basque playfellows by the bank of the stream that brawled down the hillside, or to plunge on a drowsy summer's day into the cool waters of some mountain lake. We know from his own admission that he loved athletic sports. Later on he humbly confessed that he had taken some pride in his prowess as a runner. In his misguided zeal and spirit of mortification he cruelly chastised himself for what he called his youthful vanity. The confession, however, throws not a little light on the character of Francis. We have unfortunately but scant details as to his early years. We know that he lived the life of the children around him. We can readily picture him, as one of his biographers has done, intelligent, docile, singularly attractive in speech, form and manners, a lively boy, fond of exercise, skilful at running and jumping, a splendid hand at a game of pelota, the national sport, and not a little eager for the victory and the prize, and in childhood, as in youth, with an instinctive love of that virtue of purity which he preserved, we are told, unsullied to the grave.

We can imagine the frame of the picture. We cannot supply the details. Documents on this point are so far missing. Of the First Communion of Francis Xavier, one of the most fervent lovers of the Sacrament of the Altar, we know nothing. No details are given us of his early education, of his first intro-

duction to the world of books and science and those scholastic pursuits in which later on, at Paris, he longed to shine. Don John de Jassu and Doña Maria no doubt taught him his letters. But was it at Pampe-luna, was it at Sangüessa that he received the further rudiments of learning? It is impossible to say. One thing, however, is certain. The faith, the piety, the rugged simplicity of his father's house, his father's spotless integrity, his mother's gentleness and piety, the daily Mass, the example of his beloved Magdalena, exchanging the splendors of a court for the poverty of the brides of Christ, were the best teachers of the boy Francis. Such lessons are the best trainers of youth. No masters can take their place.

Sorrow came to complete the work. On the fifteenth of June, 1515, the father of our Saint saw the rights of the old Kings of Navarre transferred to the Sovereigns of Spain, and the little realm of which he was one of the staunchest defenders officially annexed to the territory of the Spanish monarch. It was a blow for the heart of that stern lover of justice, Don John de Jassu, which he did not long survive. He died broken-hearted on the sixteenth of October of the same year. Thus orphaned of his father, Francis was to feel what was perhaps a still more cruel blow. For when in an effort to restore to the throne their former sovereigns, the Navarrese raised the standard of revolt and a devoted band held out against a Spanish troop in Azpilcueta, his mother's ancestral home, that stern monk-statesman, Cardinal Ximenes, ordered the fortresses of Navarre to be leveled to the ground. Azpilcueta was among the first to fall. The castle of Xavier could not long escape. So all that gave military value to the stronghold was destroyed. The ramparts were dismantled, the iron-spiked gate of the drawbridge thrown down, three of the towers were demolished. All that remained of the fortress

was the house proper. Even that, through plunder and neglect, was shorn of nearly all its rugged splendor. Francis was eleven years old when the romance and story of the House of Xavier seemed thus about to close with this tragic end. The loneliness of his mother, widowed of the support of the prudent husband, the misfortunes which befell his brothers, Michael and John, who still fought for the rights of their deposed sovereigns, their exile from the halls of their fathers, the poverty and suffering of his family and kindred, borne by all with Spanish and Christian fortitude, made a deep impression on the boy's heart. They taught him already, no doubt, a lesson he was soon to learn in a more lasting and abiding form from the lips of a countryman in Paris, that earthly grandeur is but vanity and dross. They made him realize that, no matter what were his own ambitions, he had now but one duty. He must help to rebuild the shattered fortunes of his house. He must help Doña Maria de Azpilcueta, the mother he tenderly loved, and become her prop and stay. When his brothers returned from the turmoil of civil war to Castle Xavier, Francis was in his eighteenth year. In 1525 we find him acting as agent for his mother in some real-estate transaction, and among the witnesses to the deed we find a carpenter and a blacksmith. Francis was not ashamed of the commonest tasks when duty pointed the way. In better times the châtelaine of Xavier would have hired a notary for the transaction.

The day, however, was coming when he must choose his vocation in life. His brothers pointed out the career of arms. His father's record on the bench and in the magistracy led him to dream of civil honors in the service of his country. But in spite of war and rumors of war and hopes of civic rewards, Francis had ever in his heart dreamt of the glory with which philosophy

and science crown their votaries. So on a morning in September, 1525, he bade farewell to his mother and the ancestral home, neither of which he was ever again to see. At the gateway of the *casa* he knelt for his mother's blessing. He then mounted his sure-footed Spanish mule and, not without a tear as he gazed for the last time on his mother's face, but with heart undaunted, set his purpose and his eyes to the north. A moment later he had disappeared behind a shoulder of the hills. He was on his way to Paris to complete his studies in what was then the greatest university in the world.

CHAPTER II

In the Halls of Sainte Barbe

(1525-1529)

WHEN Xavier reached Paris in the fall of 1525, its university had lost much of its former glory, but it could still claim that it surpassed all its sister universities. Between 3000 and 4000 students crowded its halls. The students' quarter was on the left bank of the Seine, between the river and the old walls of King Philip Augustus. It was a labyrinth of lodging-houses and taverns and bookstalls, of schools and churches and hospitals, of cookshops and tennis courts and burying grounds and gardens and jails. The students formed a world apart from the life of the city. They had their own laws and courts, their own police and bailiffs, all kept busy trying to keep pace among the quarrelsome citizens of this miniature republic. For, as they were divided into "nations" arbitrarily selected, such as France, Picardy, Normandy, Germany, brawls were incessant, brawls which sometimes wound up in a mimic civil war. Then the city guard had to be called out, pikes were leveled, rapiers drawn, the arquebus smoked and thundered down the dingy alleys, and a guard or freshman lay wounded or dead on the cobbled highway.

The teaching, to which formerly a vast public assembled in open spaces, had now retired to the privacy of about fifty "colleges" or "halls," grouped together, and linked by galleries, cloisters or hidden byways. There were various degrees among the pupils. There were bursars, who received tuition and everything else free; "cameristes," who were boarded gratis but had to provide their own food, and "cameristes portionnistes," who paid for tuition and board. Xavier was registered among these last. He hired for his service one of his fellow-students of the class known as "mar-

tinets," who paid their way through college by attending on their companions. The man was a Navarrese named Michael, who proved to be an unfit associate for the high-minded son of Maria de Azpilcueta. The name of the new student was enrolled among those of the French "Nation." Francis had for classmates lads from France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, with a sprinkling of youths from Egypt, Armenia and Persia. The college he chose was that of Sainte Barbe, then frequented by students from Portugal and Spain. The Rector of the University was a Portuguese, James de Govea, a man of upright life, a theologian of unusual gifts, stern, impulsive, but generous and willing to acknowledge that he could be mistaken and sincere enough to try and repair a blunder. He had besides the gift of the true teacher. He knew how to arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of his pupils.

The first scholastic year which Francis passed at the university (1525-1526) was spent in completing his literary studies. If the motley student-body by their lack of discipline, their unruly and at times riotous manners, their freedom, or rather, license, of speech, the coarseness of their pleasures, presented no little danger to the new freshman, not a little peril was also to be found in some, even of the professors. Some were infected with the pagan spirit which followed the revival of learning known as the Renaissance. That movement in its better elements found encouragement from the Church. Among its most eminent representatives were priests, bishops, cardinals and popes. Popes like Nicholas V, Pius II and Leo X gave it their patronage. Unfortunately some of the most gifted men of the Renaissance adopted pagan views, set up a pagan code of morals, and lived more like cultured pagans of Athens and Rome than followers of the Cross. Though fundamentally firm in the dogmas and teachings of the

Church, the University of Paris had among its professors and its pupils men of little or no belief in the supernatural or the Divine mission of the Church, men of the lowest standards of personal conduct and life.

At the same time Lutheranism had crossed the Rhine and infected the schools of Paris. It was not as yet powerful enough to make allies of the French monarchs or to undermine the traditional and still deeply cherished beliefs of the French people. But it had set up its tortuous propaganda, and was working in the dark. Against these evil influences Xavier had to be on guard. Besides these, the young man's ambitions, the passions of a warm-blooded son of the South, were stirring in his soul. It would be to paint a false picture of the future apostle to represent him as free from the temptations, even the coarsest, that beset the path of youth. The Saints do not rise to the heights of virtue because they do not feel in their hearts the stirring of the sinful inclinations of humanity, but because they rise superior through watchfulness, mortification and self-control to the allurements of sin, and especially of pride and sensuality.

The young Navarrese was exposed to great dangers. He was practically friendless and alone in the Siren City whose alluring call has enticed so many to their ruin. From the sanctuary of his ancestral home he had brought to Paris a sturdy frame, an athlete's strength, and, by the grace of God and the protection of that Heavenly Queen to whom his mother had taught him to pray, a pure heart. As at Xavier, he excelled as a runner and athlete at the University. His manners were fascinating, a fact witnessed to at every stage of his life. To know him was to love him. He was generous with his purse, and, though a poor scholar, had probably a little more to spend than

the lean and unscrupulous undergraduates who crowded the fifty halls of learning clustered round Sainte-Barbe. There was much drinking and gambling and carousing. One master at least was not ashamed to lead his pupils to the worst excesses in which honor and health, and the last threadbare remnants of decency and self-respect, were thrown away.

We know from a statement made in India by Francis and found in the "*Selectae Indiarum Epistolae*," that it was only by a special protection of God that he was saved from physical and spiritual ruin. Time and again temptation was purposely flung in his way. But in the ancestral *casa*, Maria de Azpilcueta, his mother, and in her cloister, that beloved sister, Magdalena, were praying for him. Xavier was saved. He shrank in horror at the degradation which he witnessed, but by which he was never tainted, and when the unfaithful master died a victim to his excesses, Providence sent him, in the person of a Spanish professor at the University, John de Peña, a friend whose prudence and piety won the heart of the young student. Xavier was then in his twenty-second year.

In the fall of 1526, Francis, having finished his literary studies, had begun the course of philosophy. In the Lent of 1529 he must have gone up for his examination, the one technically known as "determination." He met the ordeal successfully. Henceforth he could style himself a bachelor of arts and had the right to teach certain elementary branches. In 1530 he was a Licentiate of Philosophy. The diploma he then received gave him the right to teach the arts, sciences and philosophy at Paris and at any other place of his choosing. A last formality had to be gone through. The new master had to receive his master's cap. We do not know the precise date when Xavier had the honor conferred upon him. But we know that soon after undergoing the examination for his Licen-

tiate's degree, Master Francis Xavier was admitted as a professor of philosophy in one of the university colleges, that of Dormans-Beauvais.

We like to picture the Saints eminent in all things, endowed with every gift of mind, heart and soul. But God does not always thus dower even His best friends. He gives them the qualities they need for their work, and these in generous measure. Other gifts He may bestow or withdraw. That Xavier had intellectual endowments beyond the ordinary, his course at the university goes far to show. But his letters and the few notes we have from his pen do not give any striking evidence of literary or artistic skill. He was too busy about great enterprises, too earnest about the salvation of souls to pay much attention to the artifices of style. But that he was a keen logician, a splendid debater—that he could confute the ablest of the sophists among the Brahmins and the Bonzes of the East, is evident from every testimony left to us by eye-witnesses and contemporaries of his missionary days in India and Japan. The missionary was mightily assisted in the defense of the mysteries he taught by the lessons of that Catholic philosophy which he learnt and afterwards imparted in the University of Paris. Of the teaching of Xavier we know little. Yet it is evident that the heart of the young doctor was set on making his name and winning his laurels. But only faint echoes of the fame he won have come down to us. But it was not as a searcher after truth, as a student of abstruse problems that God had marked out his career. He was to be essentially a man of action; a doer of deeds.

God was slowly preparing him for the task. When in 1530 Xavier went up for his Licentiate's degree, Pierre le Fèvre, his room-mate and fellow-student at Sainte-Barbe, was facing the same test. To the casual observer it would seem as if chance alone had thrown

these two men together. But God, who was watching over the young teacher, had sent Pierre le Fèvre to be his angel guardian and friend. Pierre was the son of a poor Savoyard peasant. As a child he had watched on the slopes of the Alps over his father's flock. From childhood he had shown a character extraordinarily gentle and winsome, an intellect of rare penetration, a piety of the most solid yet attractive kind. In a moment of special inspiration he had made a vow of chastity while following the trail of his sheep on the rocky hillside. The purity of his soul shone on his face. At Paris as in his native hamlet he inspired respect and love. He radiated goodness and holiness.

The Savoyard peasant, keen of intellect, distinguished already as a Greek scholar and for his knowledge of Aristotle, was the friend needed by the young Navarrese hidalgo. One of those strong and tender friendships sprang up between them such as the Saints know, which was to bind them with cords which death alone was to sever. In his admirable "Memorial," a brief record of his spiritual experiences, Le Fèvre blesses the hour when he had for a master John de Peña and for a friend and companion, Master Francis Xavier. And Xavier, far away from the friend of his university days, will take him for his protector on his journeys in the East, and when he learns of his death will pray to the blessed soul of Pierre le Fèvre.

In July, 1529, a courier came to Xavier from his native hills. Maria de Azpilcueta had gone to receive her reward for a life of singular fidelity to the highest ideals of a Christian mother and wife. Xavier had been tenderly devoted to his mother. He mourned her loss. But another messenger sent especially for Xavier's soul had also come from Spain. For in the February of 1528 a Spanish scholar, swarthy of fea-

tures, with a slight limp, meanly clad, but evidently of gentle birth, reserved of speech, but with a flash in his eyes that told of a high purpose and an indomitable will, had registered as an extern at the Collège de Montaigu. The name then entered on the college roster was to become famous in the history of the world and of the Church of God. The stranger had been a courtier, a poet, a friend of princes, a gay cavalier. Dreams of ambition and of love had come to him. He had loved the world. The world had flattered him and thrown him its laurels. The laurels had soon faded, even the laurels of the soldier and the hero. On the walls of Pampeluna, which he had gallantly but vainly tried to save, he had fallen grievously wounded. God had smitten him down as of old he had done to Paul on the road to Damascus. It was Don Ignatius de Loyola, the soldier-pilgrim, the author of the "Spiritual Exercises," the Founder of the Society of Jesus, the instrument chosen by Providence to win over the soul of Xavier finally and unreservedly to the service of God.

On the opening of schools in 1529, Le Fèvre tells us in his "Memorial," Ignatius was quartered at Sainte-Barbe and shared the room of Xavier and his friend. In His own sweet designs God was beginning to waylay the soul of the Navarrese gentleman. For it does not seem that at first Xavier was much attracted to the rather shabby student, although he was forced to acknowledge that the newcomer thoroughly understood the world and its ways. But all those who lived with Ignatius unanimously tell us that it was well-nigh impossible to resist the fascination of his speech and manners, his relentless logic, his calm yet fiery soul, his practical sense, his knightly enthusiasm, his extraordinary sanctity.

CHAPTER III

A Battle for a Soul

(1529-1534)

A STRANGE duel then took place between Ignatius and Xavier, a battle for a soul. There are no dramas like such a contest. Did Ignatius know clearly what was at stake? Did he realize that Xavier left to his worldly views meant a great soul lost to God, thousands of souls lost to Christ? By some Divine inspiration, did he realize that the soul of the Navarrese doctor absolutely dedicated to Christ, meant the lessons of the Gospel carried to India and Japan and the East? We cannot tell. But he felt that the soul of Xavier was worth fighting for. He must win and conquer it. And slowly the battle was being won. With that keen and practical psychological insight which was one of his greatest gifts, Ignatius read the character of his companion. Xavier was above the coarser temptations of youth. But he was ambitious. He dreamt of success and fame.

Ignatius had himself felt the stings of ambition, "that last infirmity of noble mind." The hollowness of earth's baubles he had tested. But he saw that there was an ambition whose dreams would not deceive, whose pursuit would not debase, and whose rewards would satisfy the heart of its votary. If men could be ambitious for the perishable things of earth, why should they not labor for the things of eternity? The ambitious dreams of Xavier therefore must not be shattered; they must be directed to substance and reality.

Skilled anatomist that he was, Ignatius applied the scalpel of truth very gently at first to the spiritual wounds of his companion. Francis was not averse to praise; Ignatius found plenty of occasions from the lectures of the young teacher openly to recognize his

merit. Francis was ever free with his purse; his generosity soon emptied it. Ignatius, poor himself but not without some rich and generous friends, managed to help his fellow-student so delicately and with such tact that Francis could not refuse to accept his alms. Ignatius later on seized the occasion to remind him that wealth and honors were fleeting, that there was something nobler in life than to grasp at shadows and to seek for that which cannot satisfy the soul. Then, with that deep conviction which was the fruit of his own grasp of the realities of time and eternity, he spoke the one golden sentence which has all of time and eternity in its narrow compass and which was to change the heart of his listener: "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" Simple words, commonplace at first to the young Navarrese. So little then did Xavier heed them that when in 1531 Ignatius was most insistent in repeating them, the scion of the Jassus was busy in having his titles of nobility verified.

Yet the words had, little by little, sunk into the heart of the promising university professor. Again and again they came to his mind. They began to sound like a great bell in his soul. He could not shake off their salutary spell. Ignatius was praying, watching, warding off every possible danger from this chosen soul which he felt had been entrusted to him. A skilled duelist, he was slowly beating down his opponent's guard. He gently warned Xavier against the danger of certain heretical teachings then in vogue in the university, for in 1531 Calvin was at the Collège de Fortet, almost next door to Sainte-Barbe, and men whose orthodoxy was not above suspicion, like Nicholas Kop and Maturin Cordier, had about that time passed at Sainte-Barbe itself. The danger was not an imaginary one, for we find Xavier ("*Monumenta*

Xaveriana," p, 204) thanking God that through Master Ignatius he had been saved from it. And while Ignatius was praying, Magdalena, the beloved sister and the companion of Xavier's boyhood, now Abbess of the Poor Clares at Gandia, after a life of sanctity, was dying from an illness in which every nerve was racked with pain. One of her nuns had been seized with a mortal sickness. The Abbess asked to die in her stead. She sacrificed her life, it was said, for Xavier's soul. The sacrifice must have weighed heavily in the scales of God. Magdalena died January 20, 1533. In that year Don Ignatius de Loyola, the soldier of Pampeluna, won the noblest, perhaps, of his battles. Converted at last by that one magic phrase which ever sounded in his ear, "For what doth it profit . . . ?" Xavier surrendered at last and gave himself entirely, unreservedly to Ignatius and to God.

When in the beginning of 1534 Pierre le Fèvre, who before leaving the world had gone to receive his father's blessing, returned to Paris, he found Francis a changed man. He understood the miracle of grace which had been wrought. It was so complete that both he and Ignatius had now to check the ardors of the new convert. In his works of penance, in his vigils and in his fasts, in his zeal and humility, Xavier was going almost to extremes. He wished there and then to give up his professor's chair and retire from the world. Ignatius bade him wait. He had other plans which he wished that he and his two friends should slowly and deliberately mature. So they went about the halls of the university, studying, as in the case of Ignatius, coaching and lecturing, as in the case of Le Fèvre and Xavier. But their hearts were set on higher things. Though they wisely kept their secret to themselves, they could not entirely hide under the bushel the light of their example and holiness. Ignatius and his friends gradually saw a

little band of followers join their company. They were Nicholas Bobadilla, James Laynez, Alphonsus Salmeron, Spaniards, and Simon Rodríguez, a Portuguese, all university men, Laynez and Salmeron, the latter of whom was only 18, men of extraordinary talents, who as theologians were destined to play an important part at the Council of Trent and in the Catholic movement against the Reformation.

To these chosen souls Ignatius disclosed his plans. Perhaps even in his mind they were not as yet entirely clear. The idea of founding a new Religious Order does not seem at first to have presented itself very definitely to the mind of the soldier of Pampe-luna. He wished first of all their personal sanctification and then would urge them to labor for the salvation and perfection of their neighbor. He laid before them the principles of the Christian and the spiritual life. In that life God was to be supreme. He was to be loved and served above all things. For man was created to know, love and serve God and thus save his soul. Created objects were given to man as stepping stones to ascend to God. They were to be used to help man in the furtherance of the service of God. Man should use them when they helped him for that end; he should abstain from their use when they hindered him in the prosecution of that end. Men were to detach themselves from inordinate love of created objects. They were not to set their hearts on riches, or honors, on place or fame, or pleasure. What did reason, what did Revelation say? That was the only standard. They were to look to one thing alone: what is it that furthers God's purpose in life, what is it that hinders it, and act accordingly.

The men who listened to Ignatius could not escape the relentless logic of such a principle. But they saw that it had its grandeur, and that, rightly under-

stood, its practical application to life gave to life and life's purposes true dignity and worth, brought peace and happiness into the soul. The companions of Ignatius were trained in logic and every branch of philosophy. They sought for a loophole of escape from the iron ring of those premises and conclusions, which they had heard before, but never so deeply realized. There was none. Then Ignatius laid before them the nature, the punishments, the hideousness of sin. He described the fall of the Angels, unlocked the gates of hell. In a wonderful series of pictures he sketched the life, the death, the resurrection of Christ. He pointed to Him as their Captain, their King, their Model and Guide. He depicted the trials, the hardships of the Kingdom of Christ, showed them two standards, the standard of Christ and the standard of Satan. He laid bare the wiles of the arch-enemy of mankind, showed them Christ the Lord of Glory embracing poverty, contempt, suffering and death to save fallen man. He told them what they already knew, that enemies were making inroads on the Kingdom of Christ. In Europe there was revolt against it. In Asia and across the western seas there were millions to whom its standard and its lessons had never been borne. Might they not become by their poverty, their contempt of the false maxims of the world, their lives of mortification, their zeal, while extending the Kingdom of Christ in their own souls, the instruments to enlarge its borders in the nations around them? For that they must deny themselves, embrace the Cross, conquer their passions, rule and mortify their hearts, be other Christs.

How Xavier must have listened to such a program! It was the plan, so simple, so logical, so psychologically faultless of the book Ignatius had written in the cave of Manresa, after his conversion. That book, St. Francis de Sales tells us, has won as many souls to

God as it contains letters. It opened to Xavier vistas he had never dreamt of. He would yet do great things, but not for self. There was, then a field for his ambitions in which he might without fear give them full play. There were kingdoms to conquer, there was a stupendous battle to be waged, a prize to be won. His heart caught the flame and the enthusiasm of his master. Away now dreams of earthly success and pomp and human love! Depart visions of power and triumph! Welcome pang and poverty and suffering, and loneliness and shame and heart-agony and death, for souls, for Christ!

Ignatius easily won his companions to his plan. They were first to make together the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, with a special vow of obedience to the Pope. They were then to go to Venice and try to make a pilgrimage thence to Jerusalem, and if within a reasonable time they found this part of the program impracticable, they were to go to Rome and place themselves at the disposition of the Sovereign Pontiff. Meanwhile they were to continue their scholastic duties at the university.

On August 15, 1534, an historic scene took place in the crypt of the Church of Notre Dame de Montmartre, on the spot where legend tells us St. Denis suffered martyrdom for the Faith. The ceremony was a simple one, but it was destined to be productive of far-reaching and long-enduring results. Le Fèvre, who had been ordained priest a few months before, tells us a part at least of the story:

In that same year, on the Feast of the Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin, all those among us who then shared the designs of Ignatius, and who had already made the Spiritual Exercises, except Master Xavier, who had not yet made them, went to Notre Dame de Montmartre, and there we took a vow to serve God, and to start on the appointed day for Jerusalem, and to abandon kinsfolk and everything else

on earth, only taking with us our fare. Moreover, we formed the resolution of going, after our return from the Holy Land, to put ourselves under the obedience of the Roman Pontiff. Now, those who were at this first meeting were Ignatius, Master Francis Xavier, then Le Fèvre, Master Bobadilla, Master Laynez, Master Salmeron, Master Simon Rodriguez.

From an account left us by the last-named, Simon Rodriguez, we learn that Le Fèvre said the Mass. Before giving the Holy Eucharist to his companions he took the Sacred Host in his hands and turned towards them. "Then," says Rodriguez, "with their hearts fixed on God, kneeling on the pavement of the chapel, all, without leaving their places, pronounced their vows in a clear voice so as to be heard by all, then they communicated." Le Fèvre then returned to the altar, pronounced his vows like the others and communicated. When all was over, adds Rodriguez, they went to the fountain of St. Denis to spend the day there. The memories of the simple but noble ceremony and of the holy joys he then experienced left a life-long impression on the heart of Xavier.

A few days after he began the Spiritual Exercises. He entered upon them as a convert to grace. He came from his thirty days of solitude and communings with God a hero and a saint. Two years more were spent in the lecture hall. He then made a last sacrifice, and resigned a canonry to which he had been elected in his native province. The time was at hand when he and his companions were to start on their pious Odyssey. They were to be in Venice in the January of 1537. In the November of the preceding year Xavier bade farewell to the halls he loved and whose memories will haunt him in the Far East. He was in his thirtieth year.

CHAPTER IV

From the Seine to the Tiber and the Tagus

(1534-1541)

WAR had broken out between Francis I and Charles V. For Xavier and his Spanish companions the journey would be under any circumstance a painful one, for they were traveling like poor scholars, on foot, with scanty provisions and without protection. They decided, in order to avoid the armies of France and the Emperor, to pass through the neutral territories of Alsace-Lorraine, the Rhineland and the Tyrol. Simon Rodriguez has left us a brief account of this journey. For fifty days they struggled through lonely villages, amidst the rain, the snows and ice of winter, their beads slung like a baldric over their shoulders, reciting the rosary and the Psalms, speaking to the poor they met, and among themselves, of God and His love, and of holy things. Sometimes children, old men and women ran out to kiss their hands and their rosaries. At other times they were rudely spoken to or ridiculed. They trudged on, however, God, says Rodriguez, visibly protecting them. Xavier was serving his apprenticeship for the hardships to come. On January 8, 1537, they were in Venice of the hundred isles. Ignatius was awaiting them.

The Commander-in-Chief divided his forces. He had but a handful of men under his command. These were to work for souls, for the poor, the outcast, the sinner. Le Fèvre and Xavier were assigned to the hospital of the incurables. Xavier's soul now began to reveal its true nobility. The proud Navarrese had little Italian and even the children laughed at his blunders. But he spoke to them of God, of His Blessed Mother, of sin and its punishments, of the Passion of Christ, of the splendors of Holy Mass. He had been dainty in his tastes. He now swept out the hospital

wards, washed the sores and the ulcers of the sick, performing in his attendance upon a poor leper such acts of heroism as would cause us horror and disgust, did not the eye of faith discern in them the sublimest charity and the Divine folly of self-abasement and self-conquest.

But Venice was only a training-camp for his soldiers. Ignatius bade them strike their tents, no difficult task, for they slept at times under the open sky. He and his companions remembered their vow: they must go to Rome and kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. In the spring of 1537 they were in the Eternal City. As at Venice they had scarcely glanced at the splendors of the City of the Doges, so at Rome they closed their eyes to the grandeur and the pomp of the City of the Seven Hills. They had not come as artists or dilettanti, but as apostles, catechists, the servants of the poor. Pope Paul III received them kindly, heard them discuss questions of philosophy and theology, frankly expressed his admiration for their talents, blessed their undertaking, gave them full authorization to pass over to Jerusalem, but expressed serious doubts as to the success of this intended pilgrimage. The Pope was right, for Venice was on the point of declaring war against the Turks and thus blocking the seas. Ignatius bade them return to Venice. In May of that same year they were back on the shores of the Lido. Several times on the return journey Xavier had dreamt that he carried an Indian on his shoulders and that it was a heavy burden. The future would tell how heavy it was. But Xavier's love would make it light.

In that mysterious dream God showed Xavier, dimly at least, what the future had in store for him. But He was going to strengthen the shoulders of His servant for the work. On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, Xavier was ordained priest. Some time after,

he said his first Mass at Vicenza. At the altar, when he held his God in his trembling hands, he could not restrain the tears of joy that welled up from the depths of his soul. His face seemed radiant with the light of another world. So transformed did his whole person appear, that according to Tursellini, his biographer, the assistants, joining their tears to his, could not but feel, not only that he believed in the presence of his Lord in his hands, but that he contemplated with his very eyes the hidden reality of the sacred mystery. In India, in Japan, on the decks of the merchant-ship and the man-of-war, in the hovels of the poor, the Holy Mass will ever be for him the source of his strength, the reward of his toil. At night after the day's hardships and suffering, he will often rest his head on the steps of the altar at the feet of his Sacramental God.

Now a priest, Xavier throws himself with all the ardor of his soul into the work of preaching, hearing confessions, visiting the sick and the prisoners. In spite of his robust health he falls sick at Bassano. But Rodriguez tells us that St. Jerome, a Saint dear to Xavier and a patron of his house, came to his aid, cured him, and told him that he would soon be at Bologna and greatly suffer there. Winter came and the words of the heavenly visitor were verified. Bologna listened with admiration to the preaching of this new apostle whose broken Italian was sprinkled with bits of Spanish and French, but the eloquence of whose words and the angelic beauty of whose life no one could resist. On the streets, in the courtyards of the university, in church, jail and chapel, throngs gathered to hear him. Crowds flocked to see him say Mass, during which he fell at times into an ecstasy of adoration and love. Again he fell seriously ill, but in spite of his deadly weakness, he continued his labors. As the year had passed without the chance of the ful-

filment of the vow to go to Jerusalem, under orders from his father and captain Ignatius, Xavier returned to Rome. It was about Easter time, 1538.

Again the same apostolic labors, the same works of indefatigable charity and zeal. And as Ignatius was now definitely organizing the Society of Jesus and giving the final draft to its constitutions, Xavier was long with his Chief and his brethren in friendly conclave to settle all things for the greater glory of God and the good of souls. The Sovereign Pontiff soon after approved the Society of Jesus thus admitting it into the official family of those great Orders which under such glorious leaders as Dominic, Benedict and Francis, had done wonderful things for the good of humanity and the glory of the Church.

But Ignatius had been in conference with others besides his brethren. He had been visited by Don Pedro de Mascarenhas, Ambassador to Rome of John III, King of Portugal, who had made a startling request to him in the name of his royal master. The request had been borne also to Pope Paul III. The King of Portugal was anxious to carry on the work of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque for the evangelization of the vast Portuguese colonies in the East. There were millions in Goa, along the western shores of India, in the Spice Islands, in Malacca, in Ceylon, who had never heard of Christ and His Gospel. The fields were white for the harvest. Whole nations were sunk in the darkness and degradation of paganism. There were blind eyes trying to pierce the darkness, there were shackled hands stretched forth for a deliverer. Priests, apostles were needed. Would Ignatius give King John the laborers for the harvest?

It was an appeal which the heart of Ignatius could understand. God was opening up a field for his zeal which he had ever been anxious to till. He would detail one or two of his sons to go to India. He laid

the plan before the Pope. It was heartily commended and approved. Rodriguez and Bobadilla would be detached for this glorious service. Quickly Rodriguez, who eventually did not sail for the Portuguese dominions in the East, started for Lisbon. But Bobadilla fell dangerously ill. A substitute must be found. Ignatius prayed, never so fervently, never so bravely. He foresaw the coming blow. He knew he would have to sacrifice his beloved Xavier. He summoned that dear friend. The plan was laid before him. Would he go? Xavier understood. It was his dream coming true. It was the call of God. Gaily, brave Spanish cavalier and knight of the Cross that he was, the words flashed to his smiling lips in the old Spanish tongue: "*Pues, sus, heme aqui*": Forward! Here I am.

The next day, March 16, 1540, for the last time Xavier knelt at the feet of his master and friend to receive his parting blessing. They were never to see each other again, but their souls were linked together like the souls of David and Jonathan. Literally almost without purse or scrip, Xavier set out for Portugal in the suite of Mascarenhas, denying himself the comforts and conveniences which the ambassador vainly tried to make him share with his company. The journey carried him to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, then through Bologna where he was hailed as a saint by his old friends, who would scarcely let him go, on by Modena and Parma, through the Piedmontese territory, over the Alps and Pyrenees, down finally through the Spanish provinces. Towards the middle of June he was in the city by the Tagus. He had to wait in Lisbon until the spring of the following year for the departure of the India fleet. He prepared for the day for which he longed by penance and prayer, by preaching to the king and court, by the same life of penance, charity, zeal, which he had led in Bologna and in Rome. Shortly before he sailed, Paul III by a special

brief nominated him his Apostolic Nuncio with all the powers and prerogatives of that office. Master Francis was now Rome's official envoy to David, King of Ethiopia, to the lords and masters of the isles of the Red Sea, to the nations of the East. There was one title he prized still more. He was to be the messenger of salvation and the herald of the Cross.

CHAPTER V
With the Galleons of Portugal
(1541-1542)

ON the morning of the seventh of April, 1541, five Portuguese ships, half men-of-war, half transports, burly of girth, blunt-nosed, lumbering of motion, were swinging at anchor in the harbor of Lisbon at the mouth of the Tagus. There was noise on shore, bustle aboard the ships. The crowd gathered on the docks, friends of the crews of the departing fleet, relatives, mothers, wives, waving a last farewell to their loved ones, could hear the grinding of the anchor chains, the creaking of the yardarms, the flapping of the sails. Here and there the muzzle of a gun frowning through a port-hole, told the on-lookers that the King's ships might have to give battle to the pirates of the eastern seas before they reached their goal. For almost fifty years the people of Lisbon had witnessed the sailing of the India fleet. They never saw it without emotion. For it told them of the days when their daring navigators, Diaz, Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque, set out as rivals almost of Columbus, for the discovery of new lands. It reminded them also of the hardships and the trials which their countrymen, their sons, their husbands, their wives and daughters had to undergo to build up their great Indian empire.

For an instant a solemn silence wraps the rolling galleons. The cheering and the farewells have died down on shore. There is a puff of smoke, the flash of a gun, from the "Santiago," the flagship. Bronzed figures are seen straining at the capstan and the anchor chains. Don Martin de Sousa, Admiral of King John III, orders the royal pennant to be unfurled. It is the signal of the new governor-general of the Portuguese Empire in the East to put to sea. For

one brief instant sailors, soldiers, adventurers, merchant, gentleman, slave, admiral and cabin-boy turn their eyes to the little chapel of Our Lady in Belen, and murmur a prayer. No Portuguese seaman then dared to leave the shores of the Tagus, without asking for the protection of the Star of the Sea.

Master Francis Xavier was on the flagship with the new governor. The morning of the departure, tradition tells us, a movable pulpit had been dragged from Our Lady's chapel in Belen, and Xavier had preached to the assembled crews of the fleet and their friends. It was the last time that the voice of Xavier was to be heard in Europe. Shortly after he had boarded the "Santiago." He would in his humility and spirit of penance have chosen another vessel. But he was going to India as the Nuncio of the Pope, and John III had ordered that he should sail in the immediate company of the new governor. He was to have a special cabin fitted out for him, and was to eat at the admiral's table. The cabin he accepted, but he soon turned it into an hospital for the sick, the food he distributed among the crew and the passengers. He slept on the deck or in some dingy corner of the hold, his head propped on a coil of rope. Before darkness had niantled the waters through which the five ships were shouldering their way, the admiral, passengers and crew realized that a saint was sailing with them to the Indies.

For the immediate objects of his zeal, that virtue which is the characteristic one of his career as an apostle, Francis had the crews and passengers of the whole fleet, and especially the thousand souls that sailed with him on the "Santiago." It was at first sight unpromising material. The Portuguese colonies attracted the daring adventurer, the ambitious official, the merchant anxious for a quickly and not too scrupulously made fortune, sons of noble but broken-down

families anxious to repair their losses, escaped convicts, pardoned criminals anxious or at least willing to hide their record at Malacca or Goa, men tired of the drab life of home, and drawn to foreign and still only partially known countries by the sheer love of adventure, knights errant of the counting house and the camp ready for any enterprise that smacked of romance and danger. Not all these men were wholly corrupt or degraded, but they were careless of speech, of lax morals, quarrelsome, ready at the least provocation to whip out their daggers and swords. But they were also amenable to sentiments of honor and fair play. In spite of years of neglect of the duties of their religion, they had the deep faith of their race. They did not turn hypocrites, because they had turned away from God. They did not try to cloak their sins under lying names. They feared the justice of that God whom they had recklessly offended, they dreaded the torments of hell about whose existence they raised no puerile and ridiculous objections. They were not so hardened as not to melt in tears of genuine sorrow at the story of the Passion of their Redeemer dying for them on the Cross. They were capable of high resolve, of heroic penance for their follies and their sins. They had the vices of adventurers, but they could at times practise the virtues of soldiers of the Cross.

Amid this motley crew Xavier appeared like an Angel of God. He lived among them. From their coarse fare he took his food. He mingled in their games, listened to their tales of adventure, sat down with them at cards, stifling by his presence and the inborn dignity of his every word and look, the blasphemy or the doubtful jest which too often leaped to their lips. He watched over their sick, and with his own hands smoothed the brow of the fever-stricken. His zeal, his charity knew no bounds. On Sundays

and holydays during the long journey he said Mass for the admiral and his crew. As the galleons ploughed the southern seas, past Madeira, Cape Verde, Sierra Leone and dipped their bulging girth into the waves that beat upon the coast of Guinea, his voice mingled with the music of the basso-toned organ of the sea. With simplest eloquence he could raise their hearts to Him whose pathway is on the deep and who leads the billows of the ocean as easily as the shepherd of their native hills, crook in hand, could guide his sheep. At set of sun, when at one stride came the dark in those southern latitudes, and stars, which Xavier had never seen, lit their beacon fires in the heavens, the "Salve Regina" was sung to the strains they had learned in the vales of Estremadura, or on the hills around which the Tagus or the Mondego twined the ribbon of their silver stream.

The galleons that sped to the Indies had once been called infernos of misery, crime and sin, floating hospitals of physical and moral wretchedness. Not so the "Santiago" now. Martin de Sousa saw what a gift God had sent him in Francis. He gave him every opportunity to attend to the physical and spiritual needs of his men. Xavier heard confessions, put an end to the hatred and brawls so frequent among the unruly element aboard, encouraged the terrified women and the children, who were accompanying their husbands and fathers to the East, when the lumbering ships were buffeted by the billows of an ocean whipped to fury by a tropic storm, or when becalmed for forty days, the galleons, sails limp and dead, decks afire under a blazing sun, men, women and children, officers and crew fever-smitten, stood still, as idle as painted ships upon a painted ocean.

At last the wind rose, the galleons lifted to the heaving sea and swung around the Cape of Storms. In one of the great passages of the world's literature,

the prince of Portuguese writers, Luis de Camoens, has described in his "Lusiads" the terrible monster which appeared to Vasco de Gama, when for the first time he rounded the Cape of Good Hope on his way to India.

As the ships of the great explorer reached the cape, the guardian deity of its shores and waters, huge of size like another Colossus of Rhodes, grim and hideous of aspect, rose amidst the murk of darkness and storm, and towering over the galleons, with a voice that struck terror into every heart and boomed over the uproar of the waves, threatened shipwreck, ruin and death to the daring mortals who had been rash enough to invade his empire.

No such monster appeared to Xavier and his companions on the "Santiago." But as the apostle thought, when he rounded the southern limits of Africa, of the dangers, the trials he was going to face in India, his iron will and his apostolic spirit might well have been cowed and daunted by these terrors far more real than the fabulous Adamastor summoned from the deep by the genius of Camoens. But undaunted by bodily suffering through months of sea-sickness, speeding more rapidly in desire towards the goal of his journey, than the slow-moving galleons could carry him, upborne by his zeal, his love of Christ and souls, praying at morn and eve for a sight of the promised shore, Francis sped on. The fleet had left Lisbon at the beginning of April, 1541. In the beginning of September, after six months of one of the most painful journeys ever experienced by the India fleet, after rounding the Cape and swinging northwards the squadron reached Mozambique, then known as the graveyard of Portugal. Here crews and ships tarried until the mid-winter of the following year. Xavier, whose strength was not equal to his zeal, fell sick and was carried to the hospital. But when the

fleet was again ready to sail the Saint dragged himself to the "Coulam," the ship to which he was now assigned. Pointing almost due north the fleet made for Melinda, a little north of the present Mombasa, and stayed there for a few days. The ships then headed for the island of Socotra at the entrance of the Red Sea, where they again tarried some time and finally after sailing almost due east, dropped anchor in sight of Goa, the capital of Portuguese India. It was the sixth of May, 1542. They had left Lisbon thirteen months before. From the deck of the "Coulam" Xavier could survey the kingdom he had come to conquer. The fringes of that kingdom that stretched along the coast had been won partly at least to a nominal allegiance to the Gospel. But to the north and south, and eastward lay an unknown, mysterious country with its still more mysterious peoples, with their strange castes, their splendid temples, their hideous worship and idols, their Rajahs decked in pearl and gold, their Brahmins, their vices, their ignorance of the true God. The fields were white for the harvest. The laborer was at hand to garner the sheaves.

CHAPTER VI
In the Venice of India
(1542)

IN one of the numerous letters which the Apostle of India has left us, and in which he has so artlessly laid bare the secrets of his soul, he tells us that when he arrived at Goa he found it peopled with Christians. The city, which later times called the Golden, and not without exaggeration compared to Venice, was fair to behold, he writes. He marveled at its monasteries, its cathedral, its hospitals and churches, and thanked God that in the midst of so many unbelievers he found such striking evidences of piety and faith.

Ten years after his landing in Goa, Xavier was to close his heroic career of apostle and his unparalleled series of victories and conquests for the Faith on a lonely island off the China coast. For ten years only his hands would be able to hold up the torch of truth, for, giant though he was, they would not be able to bear any longer the titanic burden which his zeal and his charity would place upon them. But while the torch burned in his hands it was to light a continent with its imperishable flame. From Goa the light was to spread to Calicut, to Travancore, to the capes and the headlands of the southernmost extremities of India. Malacca, the Spice Islands, the isles of far Japan would behold its beams. Scarcely had the Saint touched the shores of India and knelt to kiss the soil he was to win for the King whom Master Ignatius had made him know so well and love so tenderly, than he longed to begin his work of herald and apostle of Christ.

All the Saints are sealed with one common sign, their supereminent love of God. It is to that they owe their sanctity. That is the secret of their great-

ness, the corner stone on which they rear the edifice of their holiness. The apostolic career of Francis proves at every step, from the moment he took to heart the lesson he learnt from Ignatius, to the days of his labors in the capital of Portuguese India, at Cape Comorin, in the Island of the Moor, in the cities of Japan, to his death at the gates of China, that he loved God with a deep, tender, passionate ardor. His motto and his battle-cry, his song of triumph, his thanksgiving hymn, was the short aspiration, like that of a burning seraph: "*O Sanctissima Trinitas,*" O Trinity Most Holy. But to this he added another which gives us an insight into his own special characteristic and virtue: "*Da mihi animas*": Give me souls! He thirsted for souls. He longed to extend the borders of the Kingdom of Christ. And souls were perishing at Goa, on the Fishery Coast, in the Moluccas, souls for which Christ, his King, his God had shed His blood, the souls of Portuguese captains and merchants, of rich and poor, of bond and free. He must save them. Through him they must be delivered from the thralldom of sin, from their vices, their ignorance and degradation. Perhaps he knew that his span of life was measured, that he had but a few swiftly passing years in which to labor and suffer for the accomplishment of his heroic dream. "To the field then," he said in his heart, "soldier of Christ, for the night cometh when no man can work!"

Xavier made Goa his headquarters for his campaign in the East. Forgetting in his humility that he was a Papal Envoy and the Apostolic Nuncio of Paul III, he made it his first duty to kneel at the feet of the pious Bishop of Goa, John d'Albuquerque, and humbly ask him for the faculties and powers necessary for his missions in his vast diocese. These were only too willingly granted by the prelate who welcomed him

to the ranks of his few and none too zealous clergy. Xavier without delay began his labors.

In the Venice of the East he found an immense field open to his zeal. If Goa did not resemble the Venice of the Adriatic in all its splendors, it imitated but too closely the vices of the City of the Doges in its worst days. In its outer form of worship, in its military and civic heads, the city was nominally Christian. But Mussulmans from Gujerat and Ormuz, Arabs, Persians, Turks, Kaffirs and Moors, black and copper-colored merchants and slave dealers from the isles of the archipelago and lands still further east, swarmed in the bazaars, the streets, on the docks and in the counting-houses, bringing from their effeminating climate and their degrading religion almost all the vices to which men can succumb. Attracted to India by the glitter of gold, by the thirst of pleasure, by the comparative ease with which they could evade the restraints of the moral law and the hand of justice, Portuguese officials, seamen, tradesmen lived in a frightful contempt of the laws of God and man. Those who could afford it lived like Turkish lords surrounded with their harems; the others, with a few exceptions, ignored the laws of Christian marriage and openly led a life of sin. Women were degraded, those of the inferior races were enslaved to the will and the passions of their masters; the few white Portuguese señoras, pampered into a life of luxury, where they lost nearly all the virtues of their once sturdy race. Slaves were sold on the very steps of the cathedral. The Bishop had time and again bravely spoken against all these evils, which the best men in the colony knew would sooner or later bring on its ruin. In vain. The civil authorities had appealed to Portugal. But Lisbon and the King and justice were thousands of miles across the ocean, and the royal galleons lumbered slowly with the plea and the answer. Too often

governors and judges connived with the wrongdoer. But at times they spoke in startling words. In the year in which Francis died, in 1552, the judges of Goa wrote to the King that there was no more justice in India; none in the viceroy, Alfonso de Noronha, none among those whose duty it was to see it done. They reminded his Majesty of the murder of the King of Coulam and of the King of Pyllor, of that of the King of Ceylon done to death for the sake of his gold. They told him that the Moors had lost all faith in their honor and their word. They closed with the pathetic appeal; Help us or we perish!

If religion was not openly flouted it had not gone very deeply into the hearts of the people. There was a profusion of outward ceremony and pomp, of singing and processions, but little of the inward spirit of the Gospel. Throughout the whole colony only two or three zealous and gifted priests made it their duty to preach regularly; in the remote garrisons and posts Mass was said only at rare intervals during the year. Yet the Portuguese settlers went to church, but they turned the church into a bazaar, and though at the solemn moment of the Consecration they stopped their gossip and rose to point with their hands to the Sacred Host and exclaim "O Merciful God," they showed on the whole but little of that living faith which is the proudest possession of a Catholic people. And their religious indifference passed into every sphere of life. The finances were in a deplorable condition, ships were rotting at the wharves, the warehouses were empty and the stores destined for the colony either through the neglect or the embezzlement of officials, reached Goa depleted or spoiled, and famine often stalked at the gates of a city that might have been one of the richest in the world. This does not make a very pleasant picture and we should like to pass it over. But it is Xavier himself and his brethren,

together with his contemporaries who were bold enough to expose the real state of things, who give us its details.

Goa then and the Indian colonies of Portugal were the field suited to Xavier's labor and zeal. He knew that the work before him was God's work and that it must be done with the weapons of prayer, humility and mortification. He might have taken his humble lodging with John d'Albuquerque, or one of his friends. He chose the hospital. The time he could spare from the work of preaching and catechizing, hearing confessions, he spent at the bedside of the sick, and when night came on sultry, heavy and boisterous with half-barbaric mirth, he retired to the church and spent long hours in prayer before the Tabernacle. Only when outworn nature forced him, would he lie down upon his miserable pallet or frequently, as we said, stretch reverently his wearied head on the altar steps, even in his sleep, his heart watching with the tireless Watcher of the Tabernacle. Kind and loving friends would gladly have received him at their tables. He gently refused their hospitality and begged his food at some poor man's door or took it as an alms from the fare of the sick ward. When a sinner refused to listen to his words, and was deaf to arguments and appeals drawn from the terrors of hell or the sacred memories of the Passion of Christ, Xavier seized his scourge and beat his bared shoulders until the blood ran, to soften that hardened heart.

A few days after he landed, Goa began to realize that a saint had come to India. There is no need to call upon the miracles which his biographers tell us took place at his command or in his behalf, to find out the secret of the success which soon crowned his labors. His life was a living miracle of charity, of patience, of angelic purity, of zeal, of abnegation and heroic self-forgetfulness and self-control. Goa, so long

indifferent, was galvanized out of its slumber. With his practical insight into the needs of the people, Xavier saw that if passion played no small part in the life of Goa it was to ignorance that many of the evils of the city were due. He began then by training the children. A little bell in hand he set out through the streets and squares of the city, down the alleys and byways, and at the doors of the rich and by the hovels of the poor, and to its sound, he gathered his audience saying with that winning voice which few could resist, "Faithful Christians, friends of Our Lord Jesus Christ, send your sons and daughters, your slaves, men and women to the Christian Doctrine, for the love of God." And the children came in swarms drawn by the witching music of this Pied Piper of Goa, in his old cassock, singing his hymns and luring them all by his music and his gentleness. In the church he taught them the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, the Creed, the "Hail Holy Queen," told them of Our Lord and His Mother, explained the Sacraments, made them understand the nature and the punishments of sin, and above all told the poor little slave and the outcast, of the goodness of God and the Kingdom to which even they were the heirs. And the Doctor of the University of Paris left aside all the pretense and learning and elegances of the schools and spoke to his audience in a language which they could all understand, one made up of Portuguese and a strange compound of the dialect used by Hindu and Moor, and the "pidgin" patois of the motley East. The pious John d'Albuquerque was delighted with the work and ordered that similar catechetical instructions should be given in all the churches of Goa. Xavier, ever generous in speaking of the ready response that was made to his efforts, writes of the affection and good will shown him in

the undertaking and humbly blesses God for the happy results of his labors.

But if Xavier could be all gentleness and love to the poor children in their ignorance, he could be stern to the hardened sinner. When he entered the homes of the rich merchant or official or the soldier of adventure, and was brought into contact with vices that sapped the social and religious life of Goa by the very foundations, he knew in his apostolic frankness, how with a threat or a stinging word of reproach, to unmask the hidden shame of men who dared call themselves followers of the Cross and were living like corrupt pagan rajahs. Bonds of iniquity long fastened were broken and something like honor and chastity returned at last to hearths from which they had long been exiled. If under the care and the influence of Xavier during his first visit and his succeeding ones, Goa did not become a new Thebais, still a moral transformation took place. Odious abuses disappeared, the more than Oriental luxury and effeminacy which had been rampant dared no longer parade themselves openly at least, family life was healed at its very source, the Sacraments won back hundreds who had long neglected them. Xavier humbly thanked God for his success, and if Goa never forgot the "Santo Padre," he in turn ever remained deeply attached to the people among whom he had first cast the seed of the Gospel in India. During the four months which Xavier passed at Goa after his arrival from Europe, he familiarized himself with the conditions and the needs of the field which he was to till. To Master Ignatius he wrote frequently in a series of letters which though devoid of art and what bookmen might call literary charm, are nevertheless the revelation of a great soul and an admirable picture of the trials and difficulties which he had to face. In these letters he told of his dreams and his plans. They were the dreams of a

giant. Goa was after all for him but an observer's niche, a listening post, a point of vantage from which he might survey the field he had to win. He must leave its friendly people and its comparative shelter and ease. He was not merely a herald, a missionary of Christ. He was a pioneer of the Gospel. As superior and captain of the little band of devoted men who would follow in his steps he must set out and blaze the way. In a letter to Ignatius and his brethren at the end of September, he announced that he was on the point of sailing southward to the Fishery Coast and Cape Comorin. A few days after he set sail and began that apostolic journey which forms one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the Church.

CHAPTER VII

Storm-Swept Capes and Isles of Palm

(1542-1549)

WHEN Xavier set out for the Cape Comorin mission he was in the vigor of manhood; he was in his thirty-sixth year. It is difficult to describe his outward appearance, for no authentic portrait has been left of him. From what two of his earlier biographers, Tursellini and Lucena, tell us, he seems to have been above the average height, sturdy of build, in complexion fair. The features were well-proportioned, the forehead was broad, the eyes were brown, the hair and beard naturally black, but early in his missionary career they had turned white under the strain of his labors. He was graceful, but simple and unaffected in all his gestures and movements, and carried with him an air of authority and power which few could resist. By birth a Basque and of noble stock, he ever kept a certain dignity which blended admirably with his priestly character and a childlike humility which he ever displayed in the most difficult occasions. He was in spite of this Basque gravity and the air of a hidalgo which accompanied him, one of the most human, one of the gayest and brightest of the Saints. He went about the world winning souls and kingdoms, facing storms at sea and treachery on land with a song in his heart. He had the enthusiasm of the great discoverers of Spain and Portugal, the initiative and the daring of his own Basque countrymen who were among the first to pursue the whale amid the tumbling ice-floes of the Northern seas, and who gave to civilization Sebastian Del Cano, the captain who brought Magellan's ships round the world, and Legazpi, the first to colonize the Philippine Islands. When the interests of God were at stake he could not be moved from his purpose. His respectful

but fearless letters to John III of Portugal, his last days in which he had to struggle against the jealousy and the injustices of Don Alvaro d'Ataide, the Governor of Malacca, show of what heroic stuff he was made. But he was all gentleness to the poor, the slave, the children, and these loved him. He had the art of making friends. Among these were Peter Le Fèvre, the Savoyard shepherd lad, his brother in Christ, Master Ignatius, to whom he frequently wrote on his knees, sea captains, seamen, men of such sanctity as Bishop d'Albuquerque, and his Vicar-General Michael Vaz, merchant-princes like Diogo Pereira and Peter Velho. He was quick to decide but not hasty, and as prompt to execute. His plans were vast. They embraced the world. He was the Alexander and the Caesar of the missions. He had the wide horizons of the first; the lightning rapidity in his offensive of the second. To these he added that personal love of the Cross of Christ and of souls which lifts him far above the Greek hero and the Roman conqueror and makes him almost the peer of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

In the autumn then of 1542 Xavier set sail for the southern extremity of India. From Goa to Cape Comorin it is more than 600 miles. Thirteen times during the ten years of his labors in the East he makes that journey, more than 8,000 miles, and that is but a fraction of the immense distances he will cover during his short apostolate. When we see Francis in Malacca, 1,600 miles away from Ceylon, where he was a short time before, in the Moluccas almost two thousand miles further east, then see him sailing back and forth over these dangerous seas, finally exploring that mysterious land of Japan, then coming back to Malacca and setting out on a voyage of spiritual discovery of the immense Chinese Empire, we find no difficulty in believing the computation made by some of his biographers that this hero of the Gospel

must have traveled during the entire course of his missions a distance of 75,000 miles, or in round numbers, a distance equivalent to a voyage three times round the globe. Not with all the modern appliances and comforts of our great transatlantic ships, but in the slow, cramped and unsanitary vessels of Portugal or the unseaworthy craft of the daring merchants or freebooters that thrived the waters of the Indian archipelago, suffering from almost constant seasickness, for he was a poor sailor, by reef-bound coasts and shoals and rocks still poorly charted, under skies that rained down pestilence and disease from their leaden dome. Here is a story of knightly daring, a romance of the sea that must kindle to admiration the heart of the dullest and coldest. Like the great Apostle he could truly say that he had been tried: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea, in perils from false brethren. In labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Sailing then down the whole length of the Malabar coast, and that of Travancore, Xavier passed the Salsette Islands, Mangalore, then Calicut and Cochin and landed probably close to the low and sandy shores of Cape Comorin the extreme southern point of India. He then turned northeast and by slow and painful journeys on foot went the whole length of the Fishery Coast until he reached Tuticorin, which he was to make his headquarters. At Goa the Saint had of course come in contact with the paganism of India. Now he was to see it here in some of its most repulsive forms.

On that coast that turns northeast from Cape Comorin dwelt the Paravas or Paravers. They were expert pearl divers and renowned throughout the East.

They were a rather hardy and simple people and at one time had received some tincture of Christianity, but had relapsed from want of priests into their former paganism. Their caste was not of the humblest and they were laborious and thrifty. But the absurdities and the degradations of Hindu mythology were going to destroy them entirely, if some remedy were not brought to their sad condition. For whatever may be alleged of the higher teaching and hidden doctrines of Hinduism, even Brahmanism, the popular forms of worship were repulsive, and when not repulsive, grotesque. Vishnu with his never-ending transformations into the foulest shapes, Shiva with his shameless passions, Kali the goddess that clamored for human sacrifices, the many-headed and many-armed gods and goddesses whose hideous forms grinned from the temples and altars where the most degrading rites were practised, could only terrify and degrade the people among whom they were found. The tyrannies of caste separating men from one another as with a wall of iron, added to spiritual blindness a social degradation which made them almost forget that they were men. The condition of woman was beyond words to depict, intolerable; that of the widow especially, forbidden to marry a second time, no matter what her age at her husband's death, was one described by competent authors as a living hell. Frequently the widow, especially in the upper castes, flung herself as a doomed victim on the funeral pyre of her husband. It is not too much to say that in that land of darkness and death Satan ruled as master. He had his worshipers and his rites. The Paravas among whom Francis came to work had perhaps not all these vices, for they seem to have reached a somewhat higher level than their neighbors, but their neighbors, the Sanars, were known to be devil-worshippers.

Back and forth from Tuticorin, now a town of

30,000 inhabitants and an important point of communication between India and Ceylon, but in the days of our missionary, a mere collection of the huts of four or five thousand pearl fishers, Xavier made his way to reach the Paravas scattered up and down the coast. From the life and the letters of the apostle it would be easy to compile a missionary manual of the qualities which a herald of the Gospel should possess. Xavier wanted him fearless in the presence of evil and the evil-doer, independent of the views and prejudices of the world and the great, filled with zeal for the salvation of souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ, prudent in his dealings with secular and religious authorities, for which he always showed the greatest reverence, prudent also in the lessons and the duties to be imposed on recent converts and men and women living in the world. He bade a group of sailors who wished to stop a game of cards when they saw the "Santo Padre" approaching, to keep on, for they were not, he said, obliged to live like monks. He insisted on obedience, for a missionary, in order to instil respect of authority in others, must himself give the example of submission; on mortification and abnegation and a holy contempt for the comforts of life, for the missionary was a soldier and must be of sterner mold.

In drawing up this picture Xaxier was painting his own character, such as it was manifesting itself at Tuticorin and along the Fishery Coast, such as it was soon to be at Travancore. Practical as always, the Saint set himself to learn the language of the tribes with whom he was dealing. It is historically impossible to deny that he enjoyed the gift of tongues, in various forms. In the Bull of Canonization of the Saint issued in 1623 by Pope Urban VIII, the fact is solemnly affirmed. And the declaration was made after most minute investigations, which took place either

then or at the two previous processes of beatification. Thus Gaspard Secheira Abreu swore that he had heard Francis preaching in Japan in Portuguese and that the Japanese understood him. In 1556 at the first process Antonio Pereira, a Portuguese gentleman, testified that no matter where the Santo Padre went, he needed only a few days in order to learn the language. This happened, he says, on the Malabar coast, at Malacca and in Japan. Pereira knew whereof he spoke, for he was acquainted with the tongues there in use and affirmed that he had spoken to Francis in Malay. But these miracles were probably not so numerous as some of the biographers of the Saint have made them. They are not at all necessary to his sanctity, which came not from these external graces which God gives and withholds at pleasure, but from his splendid correspondence with God's grace. But it would be uncritical and un-Catholic to deny them. They are too well supported and we can rely on the solemn affirmation of Gregory XV, who, after all, is but the interpreter of the facts which were laid before him and decided on their merits, as critically and as judiciously, as would be done in any tribunal or court of justice in the world. Just as the Bull of Urban VIII attributes to Francis the gift of tongues, so it affirms, on the oath of contemporaries, that several times, Xavier by the power of God, who thus wished to give prestige to the work of his servant, called the dead back to life.

In spite of his gift of miracles and of the gift of tongues, Xavier did not think himself dispensed from the duty of personal labor and endeavor in his work. While among the Paravas, he learned Tamil, gathered a few helpers around him and translated into Tamil an abridgment of Christian doctrine and a few instructions for the needs of his people. Among them the Santo Padre soon became something like a superior

being. With his old methods of catechizing, his familiar instructions, his hold on the children, he began to work marvels. If the picture his early biographers draw of his labors be true, he must have formed the villages of the pearl fishers into something like a little republic, well-ordered, peaceful and happy. Their social organization was of the most primitive. He dealt with them as with good-natured children, had them policed by bailiffs of his own choosing, appointed catechists, settled family troubles, did not impose upon them unnecessary burdens, but saw to it that the fundamental truths of Christianity were understood and that they lived in accordance with the promises of their Baptism.

In September, 1542, Xavier had left Goa. The next month found him at Tuticorin, but only as a surveyor or a general looking out for some strategic point for the future campaign. He spends a little over a year there. He reminds us of the generals of the great war who one day are up in Flanders, the next on the heights of the Meuse, or the crests of Verdun, wherever the crisis of the flaming battle-line calls them. He is soon back at general headquarters at Goa, where he finds the College of the Holy Faith, in which he had left his heart, for it was training the missionaries of the future, well attended and flourishing. In the January of 1544 he is on his way south again at Cochin, and the following month he is once more laboring among his beloved Paravas. It seems now almost impossible to follow the Saint. He is the Napoleon of the missions, and the man of Austerlitz, of Marengo and the great campaigns of Italy, is not more rapid and sure in his movements than Xavier in his spiritual campaign. You can take a map of southern India, draw a line from Cochin on the western coast, down past the strands of Travancore, around Cape Comorin, up the Fishery Coast to Tuticorin,

and say: Here at Punical and Manapar, at Livare, at Virandapatanao, at Alendale and Tritchendur, Xavier preached and prayed and wrought for souls.

While working among the Paravas around Cape Comorin in the summer of 1544 Xavier showed that he was not only willing to work and pray for his people, but, if need be, he would, like the Good Shepherd, have laid down his life for his flock. The King of Travancore on the southwestern coast of the peninsula, was at war with the neighboring princelings of Madura to the north. At their service the Lords of Madura had a mercenary cavalry called the Vadagars, or as we find the name in the older biographers, the Badages. They were a warlike race, fierce of aspect, reckless and cruel. Mounted on swift Arab horses they carried desolation and terror down to the very Cape. In the midst of the panic which at their approach had spread through every hamlet of the Paravas, Xavier had been the guide and the consoler of his flock. He had been journeying north. As soon as he heard of the inroad, with his usual decision, he turned southward to meet the danger. When the Badages swept upon the defenseless hamlet which they had marked out for pillage and destruction, Xavier on beholding the spears and the scimitars of the marauders, knelt for a moment in prayer, then, crucifix in hand, calmly went forth to meet them. The lonely figure, the authority of the gesture and the command which bade them halt, the power stamped on his face, the brief but majestic words he spoke, something more than earthly power that beamed from his whole person, inspired a sudden terror into the hearts of the wild tribesmen of the North. They wheeled their horses in their tracks and soon disappeared. At the process of beatification in 1616, three witnesses testified to the fact. And it must not surprise us if subsequent legends invested the incident

with romantic glamour and supernatural details. But a great fact long remained in the memories and the heart of the Paravas: the Santo Padre had saved them from the fierce Vadagars and to do so had risked his own life. It was the history of the Church renewing on the shores of India the wonders that had once taken place on the banks of the Mincio, when Pope Leo went forth from Rome to face Attila and his Huns and turned them from the plunder and the ruin of the Eternal City.

Can we wonder then that the Rajah of Travancore, to whose ears the news of the heroism of the apostle must have been speedily carried, soon welcomed him to his dominions? We find Xavier there at the end of 1544. And though Brahmanism exercised an influence in Travancore scarcely equaled in the whole of India, still Xavier found that coast, for which he ever kept the most tender regard, one of the most fertile fields cultivated by him. In one month, he tells us, he baptized as many as 10,000 persons. The Licentiate, John Vaz, who accompanied him on his journey, writes that Francis completely gained the heart of the Rajah, who gave his people full permission to embrace Christianity, and ordered them to obey the "Balea Padre," the "Great Father," the "King's Brother" as they would himself, that Francis built as many as forty-four or forty-five churches along the coast, and that often in that flat countryside, followed by as many as 6,000 people, the missionary would climb a tree and preach to them. God was blessing his servant's labors.

While Francis was reproducing by his zeal the wonders of the career of the Apostle of the Gentiles, the Christians of the Island of Manar on the northern shores of Ceylon were glorifying the Church by the heroism of their martyrs. The Manarese had heard of his preaching among the Paravas and had begged

him to come to teach them the religion of Christ. Unable to go then in person Xavier had sent them a native priest who, by following the methods of his master, and helped by his prayers, saw his labors blessed with abundant fruits. Here across the pages of Xavier's life we see emerging the dark and sinister figure of one of those petty tyrants of the East, so common in Indian history, the Rajah of Jafnapatam, a small principality on the northern shores of Ceylon. The rajah was shifty, cruel and treacherous. Murder had given him the throne, treachery, double-dealing with his subjects and the Portuguese, kept the scepter in his hands. He could flatter the Christians if the power and the guns of Portugal were behind them. He hated them weak or strong. For a moment he thought the Manarese out of reach of the protecting arm of the Governor of India. He invaded their peaceful villages, offered them life at the price of apostasy from the Faith into which they had just been baptized. They refused and the newly-born Church saw several martyrs added to the roll-call of her heroes. But a few months before, the men, the children, the women who laid down their lives for that Faith which they had learnt only indirectly from the Santo Padre, had never heard of the Gospel or its lessons: now they were its martyrs. Their story makes one of the most beautiful in the history of the Church; in Xavier's crown, it forms one of the brightest gems. But Xavier could not stand idly by and see the Manarese exterminated by the Cingalese despot. So we find him at Negapatam on the eastern coast watching the course of events in Manar and in Jafnapatam, for the Portuguese were now endeavoring to protect the victims of the rajah's fury, and were supporting the claims of another ruler to the throne of the tyrant. That Xavier approved and supported this armed intervention, there can be little

doubt. There can be just as little doubt that he was perfectly justified in doing so. He was championing the rights of the Rajah's subjects and trying to save the islanders from destruction. Those who have pretended to see in his acts throughout the tragedy nothing but a piece of political trickery by which he tried to further the temporal sway of the Portuguese Government, little understand the man and the high ideals that actuated him. He tried to save Manar by the only means available, an appeal to the Portuguese guns. If the attempt ultimately failed through the cupidity and trickery of the Portuguese officials themselves, Xavier cannot be blamed. The failure fully to throw open the gates of Ceylon to the heralds of the Gospel was nevertheless a blow to the heart of the Apostle. But God was trying His faithful servant. Success so far had followed in his steps. He must now feel that God after all is the Master, and that though the husbandman may toil and water the field, it is God who gives the increase. Xavier had too well learnt the lesson in his long hours of prayer; he humbled himself under the cruel disappointment. He found the remedy in solitude and prayer.

North of Negapatam at a short distance was the little town of San Thomé de Meliapor, where, legend said, rested the hallowed remains of the first Apostle of the Indies, St. Thomas. There was a priest, a church, a fervent community of Christians there. In the spring of 1545 Francis went for what may be termed his only period of comparative rest, to the little colony. He spent four peaceful months there, peaceful in spite of the trials he experienced, for he was greatly tempted, we know, from his own words; tempted, no doubt, by discouragement and by that disillusionment which comes to all great men when they see their noblest efforts thwarted, their most painful sacrifices for the good of others ren-

dered useless by the selfishness and the cowardice of men. San Thomé welcomed Xavier. It loved him. It consoled and strengthened him. It was the one little oasis of palm and murmuring waters and cooling shade in the midst of the burning wastes he had still to pass, after all the dangers and trials which he had already faced. When he left it, he blessed the hospitable people and their hospitable homes, and foretold their future greatness. The words of the Santo Padre were fulfilled to the letter. Only twenty-five years after, San Thomé was one of the most flourishing cities on Portugal's highways of the sea, and its people one of the richest and happiest.

And where was the indefatigable missionary going now? He had seen the gates of Ceylon closed against him. The hand of God now opened still wider the portals of the East. He had sailed past many a storm-swept cape and rocky headland. He was now on his way to Malacca and the Spice Islands.

The Moluccas and Spice Islands form that group of islands lying on both sides of the equator between the Celebes and New Guinea on the south and the Philippines and the Timor Archipelago on the north. Their extent in area is about 22,000 square miles. They produced the pepper and nutmeg trees, and the far-famed spices which give them their name. The two years and a half which were spent by Xavier in this labyrinth of sea and land were among the most astounding, perhaps, of his life. Never did his daring, his confidence in God, his zeal for the souls of his brethren, his charity, his influence on the mind of captains and soldiers and children and sinners, his winning and resistless charm show themselves in a whiter and purer light. At the end of these two and a half years, says Father Coleridge in his "Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier":

His name filled the whole Eastern Archipelago as that of a great saint and apostle of God, gifted with the most marvelous miraculous powers, and . . . it seemed only natural to look forward for him to still grander achievements. In those days of ever fresh energy and wonder, when islands and countries, which had before loomed like shadows upon the bordering mist between the realms of knowledge and imagination, were daily coming forth into the light, in all their fair beauty and mythical richness, as the mariners and merchants of Portugal and Spain pushed their venturesome prows further and further into a mysterious and seemingly limitless world, a man had at last appeared in the East who would go for the sake of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, wherever he could find a ship to take him, who feared nothing but that he might himself begin to fear, and who seemed to wield an imperial sway alike over the powers of nature and the hearts of his fellowmen.

Xavier reached Malacca at the end of September, 1545. Malacca, now superseded in importance by Singapore, was then at the height of its commercial and military importance. Thirty years before, it had been conquered by the Portuguese, who had strongly fortified it. It was the port of Siam and Pegu, the meeting place and the exchange mart for the two great divisions of the Eastern world, Arabia, Persia and India on the one hand; China, Japan, the Moluccas and the Philippines on the other. It was more cosmopolitan than Goa; had, if anything, statelier buildings. Contemporary writers of Francis were loud in their praise of its soft but luxurious climate, the happy mixture of sea mists and fresh breezes which temper the naturally sultry atmosphere, and even under torrid skies, "keep the land clothed with the verdure of perpetual spring." The vices which Francis found at Goa he met with again at Malacca, but intensified, if possible, by still greater temptations.

But it was Portuguese through and through, and with the faith of a still deeply religious people, it gave him a royal welcome. His fame had sped across the Gulf of Bengal and the whole town had gathered at the docks when the ship that bore him dropped anchor. Mothers held up their babies in their arms that he might bless them, and the process of beatification of 1616 states that, although the Saint had never seen the children, he called them all by their correct names when he laid his hand upon their heads. One of the Saint's first duties was to pay his respects to the "captain" or commandant of the town, a soldier tried, Garcia de Sà, and to expose to him the object he had in view, the journey to the distant Moluccas. The commandant had anticipated to some extent his desires and had dispatched a ship to Celebes with a priest and several Portuguese laymen to help in the conversion of the natives.

Francis was not to remain long at Malacca. But he immediately began the spiritual regeneration of the city. It needed it as badly as Goa. It is unnecessary to describe either its Oriental vices or the means which the Saint used to conquer them. Never did he realize so much the need of prayer and penance as now. There were vices in this emporium of the East which only fasting and prayer could down. To win the favor of Heaven he fasted long and rigorously, at one time spending two days without eating. The sultry nights he spent in prayer. The brothers Pereira watched him by night and afterwards stated that they had seen him on his knees before his crucifix, his eyes bathed in tears and his face burning like that of a seraph with a light of another world. The altar, the confessional, the bedside of the sick, the barracks of the soldiers, the prisons, the houses behind whose walls there were so many tragedies of sin and misery, these were the scenes of his labors by day.

If he did not entirely transform the city into the pattern of a Christian commonwealth, he greatly improved it. But there were unfortunately, even among those who were the appointed guardians of the flock, wolves in sheep's clothing. Such men can thwart or undo the work and the labors even of a giant like Xavier. But they did not do so in vain. In some mysterious way God inflicted the most signal punishment on those who opposed His Saint, and their punishment became a warning and a household tale throughout the East.

But Malacca was not then to detain him long. The Isles of the Sea were calling for the man of God. It is almost impossible to follow him now. On New Year's day, 1546, he sailed for Amboina, just west of New Guinea. It is 2000 miles from Malacca and the voyage was to last a month and a half. He was to sail almost uncharted lanes of commerce, through treacherous channels and by sunken reefs, facing the sudden storms, the torrid heat of these southern seas, his companions rude seamen or pagan Lascars, his food the coarsest of the fare of the crew, exposed to the attacks of Chinese and Malay pirates, at the mercy of his guides. He lands on desolate shores, where he finds at times signs of the Faith brought by the Portuguese traders, but for the most part among the traders and soldiers and seamen only a memory of the religion they professed, and among the natives, a brood of Papuan and Malay blood, all the vices of the East. Thrice is he shipwrecked. He finds another bark and continues his journey. Neither sickness, treachery, neither the heat nor the fevers of the reeking marshlands or the jungle can turn him back. As he clamored for souls, so by the seashore after the day's toil, undaunted and daring, he sends forth his sublimely defiant challenge to God: "*Mas, Mass,*":

More, Lord, more. More toil, more labor, more suffering.

He does not find enough at Amboina, he will try to fill out the measure in the northern Moluccas at Ternate, Tidor, Moretai, Riao, the Islands of the Moor. The work was enough to daunt a giant. The very land itself offered images of horror that might cower the heart of the bravest; the pirates and wreckers that lurked in every cove, the volcanoes almost constantly in eruption, the mud-geysers and fountains, the air thick with the whirling ashes and surcharged with volcanic vapors, the tangled darkness of the jungle, creeping with deadly reptiles and beasts of prey, the vices of settlers and natives alike made the place resemble a living hell. But what mattered it? There were souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ living in darkness and in sin. Xavier must save them, he must bring them the good tidings. He laughed at the storms and the shipwreck, at the pirate and the beast of the jungle; he recked not of lurking fever and imminent death. He tells us that he was never happier than on the journey to the Moluccas. He would even change their name and said they should be called the Islands of Hope in God. When in April, 1547, he left Maluco to return to Malacca, the scene that took place at the dock reminds us of that scene in the Acts of the Apostles in which St. Paul bade farewell to the people of Ephesus, who went down to the ship with him and "fell upon his neck and kissed him, being grieved most of all for the word that he had said that they should see his face no more." To avoid the parting scene with the people he so tenderly loved, Xavier tried to slip away during the night. In vain, even then the harbor and the streets were crowded with his children, who tried to hold him back. They hung around him, clung to his cassock, tried to bar the way. The slaves, the children, the sinners

whom he had converted to God were weeping bitterly. The Saint blessed them, asking them to be faithful to their promises, solemnly made to him; asking the priests to continue the catechism he had introduced. The heart of Xavier could not but feel the parting. But God was calling. He had never faltered at His summons. He went aboard and a few moments after he was on his way to Malacca. It was midsummer when he reached the term of his long journey. Malacca needed him, for it was soon after attacked by the pirates of Acheen. From the little Portuguese squadron which had put to sea no tidings had been heard for some time. On December 4, Francis, who was preaching to a vast throng, suddenly stopped in his sermon, and his whole person transformed, his eyes lit with a strange fire and seeming to follow the incidents of a drama, exclaimed that the Portuguese ships had met the enemy and were victorious and that the fleet would soon return. A few days after, the ships anchored off shore, bearing the scars of battle, but also flying the flags of victory. Minute investigations soon brought out the fact that the victory had taken place at the very moment when Francis had announced it from the pulpit. The prophecy and its startling fulfilment soon spread over the East, adding still more, if that were possible, to the fame of the Saint.

In the year and a half that follows we find the indefatigable missionary now at Cochin, then among his beloved Paravas of the Fishery Coast, penetrating into the interior of the Island of Ceylon to endeavor to bring the Rajah of Kandy to embrace the Faith; at Goa, at Bacaim, in the north, where he confers with the governor, the gallant John de Castro, on the projects he entertained for the conversion of the Cingalese. On June 6, 1548, he knelt at the death-bed of this dauntless fighter and irreproachable ad-

ministrator, one of the finest figures in the history of Portuguese India. John de Castro had won imperishable laurels at the siege of Diu, and the victory which only a few months before, December, 1547, he had gained over the Sultan of Bidjapour, at the very gates of Goa, had carried his name to the remotest islet of the Indian seas.

John de Castro was not only a scholar, a scientist, an explorer, a great soldier, an incorruptible judge; he had the soul of a crusader, the faith and piety of a true follower of the Cross. He had the noblest views for the glory of Portugal and the good of humanity in the East. But if we can believe the historian of Portuguese India, Faria y Sousa, though not yet fifty, he died broken-hearted because the malice and treachery of sordid souls would not let him apply the remedies to the evils which he saw were ruining the colonies. The ill-success of the Portuguese expedition sent to secure a hold on Aden, the key to Egypt and the Red Sea, hastened the old soldier's end. A few months before his death, he had received from Portugal his letters patent as Viceroy. Only three governors before him had been given such honors. Before he died, John de Castro summoned the Bishop of Goa, the civil authorities, the Franciscan, Fray Antonio de Casal, and Father Master Francis. Feeling that earth and its honors were flitting away, and that he was going to appear before the King of Kings, in whose presence his honors would be of little avail, he renounced his title of Viceroy. Then on the Holy Gospels he solemnly swore that he had never misappropriated the funds of the State, never received presents while in office, and that because his troops and officials had not been paid in time he had spent his own personal fortune in the service of the King. He added that he was so poor that he could not pay for the food ordered him by the doctors. He then forgot

the world, and, thinking only of his soul and of God, prepared for eternity. He died in the arms of Francis. He was only forty-eight years old. He was buried in the Franciscan Church, wrapped in his tertiary's habit, under which could be seen the white folds of the mantle of the Knights of the Order of Christ. When they made the inventory of his worldly goods, they found only three coins of insignificant value, a discipline stained with his blood and a bit of that mustache which at the siege of Diu he had sent as security to the bankers of Goa for the funds he needed and which were offered without hesitation. John de Castro was of epic proportions. It is not surprising that his countryman, Luis de Camoens, should have called him "Castro the Strong" and immortalized his name in his "Lusiads."

In May, 1549, Xavier was again at Malacca. He was preparing for one of his most daring and most glorious campaigns.

CHAPTER VIII

In the Land of the Rising Sun

(1549-1552)

EVEN today Japan exercises a wonderful fascination over the Western mind. Its sudden rise within a half century from the position of an Asiatic empire kept aloof from the interests of the rest of the world to the rank of a first-class power, whose representatives have taken their seats at the Peace Congress with the envoys of the United States of America and the oldest governments in the world; the victory of its armies a few years ago over the Colossus of Northern Europe, its strange religions, the undeniable virtues of its people marred by defects just as palpable, the mysterious seclusion in which their Mikado lives, the beauty of its islands, its pagodas and gardens, its picturesque customs where the old and the new so strangely blend, the adaptability of its people, essentially Eastern, and yet so eager to mold itself to Western ideals and ways, its quick intelligence, its progressive spirit, can easily explain the spell which "The Land of the Rising Sun" still weaves about us. If such is the case now, what must have been that fascination in the days of Xavier? Nippon was then a practically unknown land. In the thirteenth century the great traveler Marco Polo had brought news of Zipango, as he called the island empire, to Italy, but he had not personally visited it. A Portuguese merchant, Mendes Pinto, as well as some Portuguese sailors, had either voluntarily landed at one of the southern islands or been driven ashore by a storm about 1542. Others had probably visited some of the ports, but if they had landed, had not gone beyond the limits of the towns. So it is to Francis Xavier that we owe practically all our first knowledge of Japan, its religion and its people.

In one of his journeys to Malacca Xavier had met a young Japanese named Yajiro, a fugitive from justice. Either in a quarrel or in one of the feuds then raging in the country, Yajiro had killed a rival, and to escape the vengeance of the murdered man's relatives or the arm of the law, had taken refuge on board a Portuguese ship and had been smuggled to Malacca. With the exile, tortured in conscience for his crime, and who had picked up a little Portuguese, the apostle had long and earnest talks both about his soul and his country. He had him subsequently sent to the College of the Holy Faith in Goa, where he was instructed in the Christian religion and baptized. Yajiro was intelligent, knew the history of his country, was evidently a man of some social standing, for two servants had escaped with him, and was anxious, now that he had the gift of faith, that his countrymen should share his happiness, and that by aiding in bringing the light of the truth to their knowledge, he might in some measure atone for his crime.

Xavier, like St. Paul, wisely kept in his missionary career to the great trade-routes and the crossroads of the sea, where he might easily catch a ship and like a good general visit in person the spots which he deemed of strategic importance in his offensive. He was also, like all good missionaries, a keen observer of men and things, and extremely inquisitive. Much of his time he spent on the decks of ships of all kinds, from the galleon of Portugal to the Malay junk. He had sailed so often to Goa from Comorin and Malacca that he might perhaps have piloted his own bark from those remote waters, their reefs and shoals, straight for the islands that guard the entrance to the harbor of the capital of India. From captain, pilot, cabin-boy and grizzled veteran he must have learned of many strange lands. What stories he must have heard as the ship that bore him from Malacca to

Amboina, or Ternate, past isles of palm or coral reefs, over sapphire seas shimmering under the splendors of the noonday sun, or silvered by the rays of the low-hung southern moon! What shipman's tales were poured into his too willing ears as the craft rocked to the ocean's lullaby, of romance and daring, of piracy and war, of men that sailed from the banks of the Mondego and the castled heights of Viseu, in their beloved Portugal, now shipwrecked and lying without Christian burial on the shores of that fabled land of Nippon, over there, under the beams of the rising sun!

From these men and from Yajiro, Xavier gathered many details. From Yajiro he heard of the religion, the government, the customs, the high intelligence, the inquisitive spirit of the Japanese people. As Xavier listened, vast horizons opened before him. Here was a civilized State, a kingdom with a regulated polity, a people eager to learn. Merchants had tried to enter its territory for the sake of material gain. He would endeavor to penetrate its seclusion to bring it the truth. Here was a kingdom to be won. His cry had ever been since he began his apostolic work: "*Da mihi animas*": Give me souls. The souls of his unknown Japanese brethren were calling him now. He must go to Japan, enter its harbors and towns, face its sages and kings, preach Christ and His Cross. Francis had preached to the humble Paravas and the untutored islanders of Maluco and Tidor. He had left behind him brave hearts to continue the work. God chose him now to be a vessel of election to carry His name before Gentiles and kings.

On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1549, Xavier set sail from Malacca to Japan. The journey covered at least 3,000 miles. With Xavier was a little band of followers, among whom were his Jesuit brethren, Cosmo de Torres and John Fernandez. Yajiro also accompanied the Saint. The craft that

bore the apostle was a lumbering Chinese junk in command of a Chinese freebooter or pirate, and the expedition on which the pagan rover now engaged was in all probability the only honest one on which he, his ship and his crew had ever embarked. Francis has left an account of the nine weeks' journey, and it is as brave a piece of sea-tale as was ever set down in a ship's log. The treachery, the fears, the avarice of the Chinese captain almost halted or wrecked the expedition, but Xavier had recommended the journey to God. He never faltered. By prayers, cajolery and threats he at last induced the pirate to keep his word. His control of the heart and will of his fellows never appeared so striking. The shores of the Island of Kiushiu were at last in sight, and the junk dropped anchor in the deep, land-locked Bay of Kagoshima, on the fifteenth of August, a day dear to his heart, for it recalled the happy hours when, side by side with Ignatius, he had pronounced his vows at Montmartre and received his God from the newly anointed hands of the beloved Peter le Fèvre. Their spirits were with him now, Ignatius following him from Rome, Peter guarding him from Heaven.

Our apostle had shown throughout his work in India and the Moluccas how well equipped he was to deal with the motley nations he evangelized. In dealing with them he had mainly to struggle against the arguments of passion, although he had occasionally to face the objections of the Brahmins and their followers. But the intellectual level he had met among the Pearl Fishers and the Malays could not be compared with the minds of the alert and subtle Shintoists and Buddhists of the Land of the Rising Sun. But he faced the test admirably. It was not in vain that he had spent such long years over his Aristotle and his St. Thomas. We know that in logic, in argument, in keenness of intellectual perception, in readiness of

retort, in the surety with which he answered the most captious objections of the Japanese scholars and bonzes, he was more than a match for the best whom they put forth against the western priest who preached such a strange doctrine. During the more than two years which he spent in Japan, at Firando, now Hirado, to the northwest of Kagoshima, on that memorable voyage to Miyako, the present Kioto, which proved such a disappointment to his zeal, and in the kingdom of Bungo he held his own against the skill and the sophistries of all, to the amazement even of his companions, already familiarized with his powers. On the trip with Yajiro from Malacca to Kiushiu, Xavier, with whom the gift of tongues was but transitory, and who knew that God wished him to use his natural gifts to the utmost for His glory, had studied Japanese, and when he landed in the country, was able, with the help of Yajiro and a few converts, to make an abstract of the catechism and the main articles of the Catholic Faith, together with the principal prayers recited not only by the Japanese whom he won, but the very prayers which Xavier himself had recited as a child and which were daily said by Pope, peasant and priest in the Old World and in the New.

It is evident from the letters of Xavier that the inhabitants of Kiushiu, the Satsumas especially, made a deep impression upon him. He noted the chivalrous spirit of the Samurai, their skill and pride in arms, their loyalty to their chiefs. These were qualities which made a strong appeal to the Navarrese hidalgo. In spite of their vices, the Japanese had in them the seeds of noble virtues. If these could only be vitalized by the principles of the Gospel, what men he would make of them! He spared no effort. He had one of the absolutely necessary qualities for a missionary, he was in sympathy with his flock. Though in his

letters to his brethren, he exposed in a few bold words what he thought of the license, the trickery, the hidden vices of the bonzes, and the pride of the people, he loved the children of Nippon with a deep affection and called them his delight. In India he had fished with the net, an old Jesuit biographer of his writes; in Japan he had to be satisfied with the rod and line. Conversions were made slowly. But the converts were of the sturdiest kind. The little band which on his departure from Kagoshima he left behind him did not see a European for more than ten years. When the white man came again he found the disciples of the apostle faithful to the lessons they had heard from Father Francis and still reciting the prayers and singing the hymns he had taught them. And when, more than three centuries after his death and more than two centuries after the departure of the last priest, Catholic missionaries returned to Japan, they found that the Faith, apparently overwhelmed by the crimson billows of persecution, still lived in the hearts of thousands, and the heroic Father Petitjean, the second Founder of the Japanese Missions, saw the descendants of those whom Xavier, his companions and successors, had won to Christ, kneeling before him, and faithful in spite of years of suffering and blood, to the doctrine which Xavier had taught them. The history of the Catholic Church, in spite of all its heroisms, can give but few examples of similar courage and constancy.

At Kagoshima the actual harvest of Xavier was small. But the place proved a training camp for him. There he learnt his people, their language, their manners and their ways. At Firando, further north, where we find him in the autumn of 1550, he thrusts his sickle with undiminished ardor into the ripe grain of fields already white for the harvest. In a few days he had baptized a hundred of its citizens. The daimyo,

or petty lord who ruled the city under the supreme power of the Shogun or Generalissimo, who in turn, and, nominally at least, recognized the figure-head Mikado, received him and his companions cordially. God so blessed Xavier's efforts that a few Portuguese merchants whom he found at Kagoshima were allowed to build a little chapel, where the newly made converts came to worship. The heart of the apostle must have thrilled with joy as he beheld that devoted little band. Already he dreamt of greater conquests, of a wider theater for his zeal. He had heard of Miyako, now Kioto, then the imperial city and the capital of the country. With the audacity of the Saints and the spirit of adventure which we admire in the great explorers of his time, who sought for new routes on land and sea and crossed oceans to seek out the El Dorados of their dreams, he decided to go to the Secret City, face Shogun and Mikado in their very palaces, and preach the Cross.

Miyako was 300 miles from Yamaguchi on the main island of Nippon. From a worldly point of view the mere idea of going there seemed folly. But never was Xavier bolder, never more confident in God. Never did the flame of his apostolic zeal leap to a brighter gleam. He showed in India and the Moluccas of what splendid fiber he was made. But now he is the Knight Errant of the Cross. He goes forth on this daring expedition with two companions, Juan Fernandez and the Japanese Bernard. Save for the few coins which Bernard is carrying in his wallet, the few crusts of bread and the handful of rice, absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together; a few books such as the Breviary and Missal which Francis carries on his shoulders with the portable altar, a coarse blanket for the night's rest, they are penniless and helpless. Autumn had set in when they left Yamaguchi, to which they crossed by the

narrow strait of Shimonoseki. Roads are almost impassable. The snows soon hide them from the wayfarers. Frozen streams bar their path. The sleet dashes its iron barbs against their faces. Winds sweeping from the hills buffet their miserably clad forms. Their progress can be marked by crimson stains on the snow. Where do they find shelter? In some hollow of the road, or in some poor man's hut, or under the lea of a protecting pagoda. But dauntless is the heart of the apostle, and he kindles the flame of a holy enthusiasm in the heart of his companions. Prayer ever sustains him. And daily the great Sacrifice of the Mass brings down from Heaven the Atoning Victim and Xavier lifts up the white Host over the snow-covered fields.

He meets with few friendly faces on the journey. The two-sworded Samurai rides past him with a look of mingled pity and scorn; the bonze and the laborer or the merchant openly ridicule the traveler in his threadbare cloak. Civil war was raging, and time and again Xavier and his companions faced death at the hands of the marauders straggling over the countryside. But he kept on. Nothing could hold him back. Cold, hunger, poverty, loneliness, pang of body and soul, all these he counted as dross for the love of his Lord and Master whose law he had come to preach. His enthusiasm was never chilled, his ardor was never quenched; his purpose never stayed, his feet never halted or stumbled on that long journey to the gates of the imperial city.

At the end of January, 1551, Xavier beheld the walls of Miyako. The sight must have been disappointing even to Francis, whose eyes cared little for the glories of earth. The walls had crumbled, the palaces of the Shogun and the Mikado had lost their splendor, the city bristled with signs of war. Civil strife had divided it into factions, and frequently

its narrow streets resounded to the clash of the rival clans of the Hosokawas and the Miyoshis. But Xavier was unterrified. He had come to Miyako to see the king, the emperor we would now call him—the ancestor of the present Mikado. In reality there were two rulers, the Mikado the rightful but helpless emperor, then an old and feeble man, and the Commander-in-Chief of the armies, or Shogun, a boy of fifteen, the tool and victim of the powerful daimyos, or feudal lords then tyrannizing over the country.

Xavier remained eleven days in Miyako. They were the most painful perhaps of his long and laborious life, more crowded with suffering and humiliation than any even of the years that he had spent in India and the Spice Islands. For eleven days he tried to see Shogun or Mikado, waiting at the palace gates in the cold, rain and snow, the object of the scorn and derision, sometimes the ill-treatment of the throng that hung at the doors of the two mysterious potentates. He tried to gain admittance by prayer and appeal, by the offering of such slender presents as his poverty could afford. Hints were given him that for a sum far exceeding what he then had or could possibly hope to raise, he might be admitted to the royal presence. He waited, clung like a beggar before the portals, eating out his heart in vain and empty longings, again and again turned away by the guards and the people; again and again returning to seek an entrance, in order that the prince might hear of the Gospel, of Christ, of his soul, of his duty to God and his own people, and give permission to have the name of the true God preached to the Japanese. Xavier is the apostle of action above all things. Now he is the model of patience and humility. His disappointment must have been painful to his zeal, galling to his pride. For if he was the humble follower of Ignatius, he was also

a Spanish hidalgo, and his haughty spirit must have keenly felt the humiliation. It was God's will that the future glories of the Church of Miyako should have their beginning not in the success of the Saint, but in his sufferings.

Miyako was closed to him. He lost no time in vain regrets or attempts which he now felt to be futile. If the Shogun and the Mikado thrust him aside, the daimyos of the south would receive him. He returns then in midwinter over the same roads he had traveled a few weeks ago, and after a short stay at Firando, where he leaves Cosmo de Torres to carry on the good work, he returns to Yamaguchi. He has learned, however, that the Japanese despise the outward forms of poverty. So he changes his threadbare cassock for a better one, and, remembering the letters he bears from the King of Portugal, the Governor of India and the Bishop of Goa, he brings into play his quality and titles of ambassador, and with a few European trinkets as gifts from Portugal, a three-barreled arquebus, a pair of spectacles, a few mirrors, a clock that struck the hours, journeys once more northward to Yamaguchi. The daimyo welcomes him, accepts the presents and gives him his protection. Here at last converts are made, not in any great number, but enough to console the apostle for his labors and sufferings. The bonzes flock to hear him and dispute with him. Against the fundamental dogmas of the Faith they bring their most subtle objections. Creation, the existence of God, His nature, His attributes, were in turn attacked by them and defended by Xavier. And the seal of suffering and persecution was not to be wanting. Twice, according to the process of beatification, he was attacked by the bonzes and cruelly beaten, twice, was on the point of being put to death when a furious

storm of wind, lightning and rain saved him from the hands of his enemies.

God was with His servant, because the heart of Xavier lived in God and for God. If Xavier consented to wear a better cassock and to appear with stately ceremony at the Court of the lord of Yamaguchi and later, of the daimyo of Bungo, one of the provinces of Kiushiu, situated at its northern extremity, that was merely for the eye of the Japanese and to close any avenue from which ridicule might be cast upon his mission and his work. But for himself, he laid down a rule of the sternest asceticism and mortification from which he never departed. His fasts, vigils and mortifications never ceased. It was a marvel that he was able to continue his labors, for he gave his body no rest. At Yamaguchi, as all through his labors in Japan, he ate the coarse fare of the poorest, the rice and the vegetables common among the people. We know from the Japanese Bernard, his faithful companion, that the apostle spent many hours of the night in prayer. Even in his sleep his heart was watching and his lips unconsciously murmured the Holy Name. Bernard later on testified that with his own eyes he had seen the Saint lay his hands upon the deaf, the paralytic and the dumb, and that he had healed them; that he had often heard him answering in a single sentence several totally different objections which the Japanese brought against the mysteries of the Faith. It is no wonder, then, that, as the old companion of Xavier tells us, the Japanese looked upon Francis as a man come down from Heaven and superior to the rest of mortals.

Xavier's tour of inspection of the advanced trenches of his far-flung battle-line in the East was drawing to a close. India, he felt, needed him, and already from the depths of that immense empire of China

he heard mystic voices calling and asking that it also should behold the light which he had brought to Japan. In the autumn of 1551 Xavier, after his visit to the friendly daimyo of Bungo, bade farewell to the Land of the Rising Sun. No European has ever loved it so well as he. Not one of the great men of the land of the Mikado ever entertained for it the dreams of glory which visited the mind and heart of Xavier as he stood before the men of Firando and Kago-shima and thought of all that its chivalrous Samurais, its sturdy and frugal race might do, if the Faith that was his might leaven the whole nation. He had not done all that he had dreamed of accomplishing for Nippon. In all probability he had not made more than 2,000 converts, a thousand of these, perhaps, at Yamaguchi. But these are the founders of the glorious Church of Japan, the forerunners of these Martyr Saints, Paul Miki, James Kisai, John de Goto and their companions, noble matrons, lisping children, Samurai and humble toiler, who on the fiery hills of Nagasaki and in the frightful sulphur pits of Ugen gladly laid down their lives for the Faith which Francis had brought to their fathers.

On leaving his beloved Japanese, Francis made them a parting gift. He gave them that faithful companion and friend, that indefatigable worker, the good brother John Fernandez, whose eloquence and argumentative powers, heightened by gentleness and patience, won the admiration and love of all. In speaking of him, Father Cosmo de Torres, another of the Saint's faithful co-laborers, said that if it was from the lips of Xavier that Japan had received the Faith, it was Brother John who preserved that Faith when the great apostle departed for India.

Toward the middle of March, 1552, after a journey during which, in the midst of one of these typhoons which sweep over the eastern seas, he foretold the

return to the ship of the dory which had broken its cable and carried off four of the crew into the swirling maelstrom, Xavier reached Goa. Ignatius had just sent him his letters patent nominating him Provincial of the Indies. Francis was now in a very practical sense the *alter ego*, the representative of Ignatius for all the Jesuit missionaries in India, from far Ormuz in the north, where Gaspar Baertz was doing wonders for the Faith, to Cape Comorin in the south, and thence to Malacca, the Moluccas and Japan. Domestic affairs occupied him for a short time. He had been a great discoverer and pathfinder, he was equally great as an organizer. At the end of May he was at Malacca, ready for another great adventure for the Kingdom and the King. But even to the Saints the ways of God are hidden. Xavier thought of another empire to be won. God was going to end and crown the labors of His stalwart soldier.

CHAPTER IX

The Locked Gate and the Opening Portals

(1552)

SHIPMASTERS and pilots, merchants and seamen had always been numbered among Xavier's best friends. Every shipboy that sailed from Goa to Malacca or Tidore must at some time or other have met the Saint. To live with him for a few weeks on the deck of a light fuste or coasting vessel or caraque was to love him. To see him calm the storm or turn the sea brine into fresh water by the sign of the Cross, to hear him pray for the souls in mortal sin while the ship was battered by the onslaught of the ocean's mad artillery, or praise God for the wonders of the deep and the ever-renewed mysteries of the dawn and sunset and starlight, was to reverence him like an angel and prophet of God. To kneel at his feet and pour the secret of their lives, their sins, into his priestly heart was to rise strengthened to grip with sterner hold the rudder of life's bark and to steer straight for the true haven whither all men must sail. His cheering words clearly outlined the chart of life, pointed out the beacons of safety and the shoals of danger. The rudest could not but reverence him, and felt that he was almost more than man, a seraph burning with the purest love of God, and lent to them as a brother and a friend.

Among the merchants whom Xavier counted among his friends was a Portuguese, Diogo Pereira. God had blessed this gallant gentleman with wealth, fortune, success. His ships had paid toll in almost every harbor in the East. His "Santa Croce," "the Holy Cross," was as stout a bark and as successful in its ventures as any of the galleons that hoisted sail on the nine and seven seas. Diogo's purse and home had ever been open to Xavier. For under the garb of

the merchant, Pereira had the views of a whole-hearted Christian, a true patriot and not a little of the spirit of an ambassador of Christ. Xavier knew him well and loved him. The love of the Apostle for the Portuguese merchant is proof enough of Pereira's genuine worth and goodness.

On his return from Japan, as Xavier was sailing off the Chinese coast, near that island of Sancian destined to be so closely associated with his name, he recognized the "Santa Croce" riding at anchor off shore. A few moments after he was clasping the merchant prince in his arms. On the journey back to India the merchant of the wares and stuffs and perishable goods of earth, and the merchant of the Kingdom of Heaven and the treasures of eternity, spoke long and often of the things dearest to their hearts. Pereira, one of the most venturesome of the captains of industry of his day, had endeavored to trade directly with China. He knew that it was folly to attempt to enter its barred gates, for death had been decreed for any Portuguese who dared set foot upon its soil. But from Sancian and the neighboring islands some kind of barter had been going on between the merchants of Canton and the Portuguese. Pereira's eagerness to enter the forbidden empire was shared by Xavier. It seemed even to be a silent rebuke to him. Pereira was but a merchant for the perishable things of time. He was a merchant of the Kingdom of Heaven. He must be as brave. He must, he will attempt as much as he. The idea of the mission to China already in germ in the mind of Xavier during his journey to Japan was matured in the course of long and earnest conversations with his friend.

Xavier, still full of his experiences in Japan and longing to see his work continued there, was convinced that the interests of the Japanese mission demanded that the Gospel should be preached in China.

The only means, he concluded, by which the Faith might penetrate into that vast empire, was to organize an embassy. The Viceroy, Alphonso de Noronha, would provide for the costly gifts it would be necessary to present to the Chinese princes, Pereira would be the bearer and the ambassador, and Francis would accompany him. Great dreams came to Xavier as the plan was unfolded, and if Pereira thought of the precious cargoes he would ferry back and forth in his adventurous cruise, and the doubloons he would reap, he did not forget that he was trying also to bring the light of his own Faith to the benighted inhabitants of the empire so far closed to Europeans. But Francis, poorer after ten years in the golden East than the poorest of his Paravas; Francis, whose bed was the coil of rope by the rudder of the "Santa Croce," or a few palm leaves in the hut of his pearl fishers, or an humble cell in the College of the Holy Faith at Goa; Francis, the Nuncio of Pope Paul III, who ate the coarse food of the coolies of Malacca, what cared he for all the gold of Ormuz or of Ind? What recked his royal heart for the treasures of Golconda, the wealth of the pearl-decked Rajahs of Kandy and Travancore, or the fabulous riches of mandarins and princes of Canton and Peking? He had but one ambition, he looked for the fulfilment of but one dream. He was tortured with one passion; he wanted souls. And on the "Santa Croce" as the brave ship loosened its wings to the breeze and carved its way to the soft seethings of the southern seas, Xavier rested his hands on the shoulder of the Portuguese merchant and repeated again and again: "Friend Diogo, what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" And over against that Island of Sancian, which they had just left behind, Xavier knew that men were bartering

away their souls in the vast Chinese Empire for the perishable things of time, and no one to bring them the light, no voice to teach them the truth!

Toward the end of December, 1551, Xavier was again at Malacca, the pivot, so to say, of his movements east and west. A flying visit to Cochin and Goa marks the end of his journeys on his eastern circuit. By the end of May, 1552, he is once more at Malacca, ready for his last and surely his most dramatic voyage. In the half year he spends in India, his duties as Provincial absorb all his attention. Some presentiment, no doubt, told him that his days were numbered, and that he must provide for the material and spiritual welfare of the vast territory committed by Master Ignatius to his care. Never did Xavier's brethren and subjects welcome him more lovingly. Never did the grace and the charm of his personality appear more winsome. Fathers Valignano and Melchior Nuñez, writing to their Jesuit brethren in Europe, can scarcely restrain their enthusiasm and admiration as they describe the affection, the zeal, the charity, the gaiety, the almost boyish enthusiasm of the apostle as he speaks to them of God, and His Blessed Mother and the Society of Jesus and Master Ignatius. Ignatius and his Society have had bitter enemies. But Xavier loved both with all the passionate ardor of his great heart. That love alone is a supremely eloquent refutation of their slanders.

Good general that he was, Xavier takes a last look at the field of battle over which his soldiers are fighting, strengthens his outposts in the Moluccas, calls on his reserves at Goa and Cochin, shifts his men from one point of the threatened field to another, gives them their last marching and battle orders. In his absence on the China voyage and his stay in that empire, if God will allow him to reach its gates, Gaspar Baertz, the Rector of Goa, will act as

Vice-Provincial. On his departure from what had long been his headquarters in the East, the Saint kneels at the feet of Gaspar and renews his vows of obedience, although the Vice-Provincial loudly but lovingly protests, and the community can scarcely restrain their tears and sobs as they witness this supreme act of humility and self-abasement, and realize that their Father is going on a long, long journey and they will see him no more. On the Holy Thursday of 1552, after adoring his Lord in the repository of the College Church, Francis went aboard the ship that was to carry him to Malacca. Goa would never behold him living again. But it was to receive his hallowed remains in great triumph and glory, and there, though dead, he speaketh still.

Shortly after Xavier's arrival at Malacca, at the end of May, the "Santa Croce," en route from Singapore, hove in sight with Pereira on board. The Viceroy, Alphonso de Noronha, had welcomed the project of the merchant and the missionary for the expedition to China, and had forwarded to Pereira the letters of credit he needed for the journey and at the same time his credentials as ambassador. Xavier on his part had letters from the Bishop of Goa to the "King of China." Noronha moreover had placed one of the King's ships at the disposal of the little embassy. So far, all was well.

A great disappointment, however, was awaiting Francis. He had foretold it, for he had said several times that he would meet with great difficulties at Malacca. But even he did not know with what malice and obstinacy his plans were to be thwarted. So far in his missions, hard as they were, he had suffered, not so much from the malice of man, as from the inherent difficulties in the work. At Miyako, it is true, he had faced failure, but it had come from pagans. Now the disappointment and the heart-pang

were to come from one of his own people, from one whose duty it was to help him, one whom he had called friend, from a man who bore the most illustrious name in India, Alvaro d'Ataide, the son of the great Vasco de Gama, and then captain of the port, and commandant of Malacca.

With Alvaro d'Ataide and Pedro de Silva, his brother, who had just been relieved of his duties of captain and commandant at the Straits, Francis had always been on friendly terms. With Pedro his relations do not seem to have altered. What was the cause of Alvaro's sudden change of mind? The historians of Xavier, after everything has been sifted, seem to agree that disappointed ambition and jealousy caused the commandant to block Pereira and Xavier in their embassy. Alvaro, as far as can be gathered from contemporary writers, was envious of the good fortune of Pereira and would not brook to see a common trader suddenly lifted to the position of ambassador to the court of Peking. Perhaps Alvaro had also cast a longing glance on the more material profits of the adventure and regretted that Pereira should exclusively enjoy them. Whatever may have been the motives of the commandant, his heartless opposition to the plans of Xavier and his friend undoubtedly wrecked their high hopes. God was thus purifying His missionary. Xavier had suffered keenly at his failure in Miyako, but the pangs he now felt, as we can easily gather from his letters, were those of a real martyrdom. Many jewels decked his crown; the gem of sorrow, of blighted hopes and shattered dreams was lacking. The Angel of Suffering placed it there during the days of his last stay at Malacca. Like his Master and King, Xavier wore his crown of thorns. It was a friend of former days that placed it on his brow.

Hardly had Pereira landed from the "Santa Croce"

than Alvaro d'Ataide put the embargo on his ship, had its rudder seized and put under guard near his own house. The act meant open war between Xavier and the commandant, for it clearly showed that Alvaro would exert all his power to stop the expedition. It was something very like treason on the part of the governor. Pedro de Silva, the commandant's brother, tried to make Alvaro listen to the voice of reason and honor. D'Ataide turned a deaf ear to these pleadings of friendship and brotherly love. Bernardino de Sousa, a gallant and honorable soldier, distinguished for his services in the Moluccas, tried also to appease him. His prayers were useless. At one time it looked as if there was going to be bloodshed, for Pereira's crew threatened to seize the rudder by force. Xavier, with a single word, prevented the affray. God would know how to take care of His own and do justice.

If Xavier was one of the gentlest of men, he was also absolutely fearless. He had faced the Vadagars, he was never known to quail before shipwreck or storm or death. He had taken his life in his hands when he went to Japan. He did not quail now. Alvaro d'Ataide was doing an open wrong to the King and to God. He was blocking the path of an envoy of the Viceroy of the Indies, he was holding back an envoy of the King of Heaven to the pagans. He was false to his oath as a gentleman and a knight, false to the memory of his great father, Vasco de Gama. Xavier had tried every means possible in order to conciliate him and soften that hard heart. He had failed.

There was one last resort. Reluctant as he was to apply this remedy, the Saint felt that in conscience there was no other path to follow. He was the Apostolic Nuncio of the Sovereign Pontiff Pope Paul III. In his humility he had well-nigh forgotten it.

If Alvaro prevented Pereira's expedition, whose main purpose was to bring the light of the Gospel to the Chinese Empire, he was holding back the Nuncio of the Holy See, and to hold back such an envoy, to check him in the fulfilment of his official duties, according to the canons then in force throughout Christendom, meant excommunication. Xavier's hand and voice had never been lifted but to heal and bless. He was loth to lift them now to strike. And not in rashness, or anger, or in the spirit of petty vengeance, but in the cause of justice, of souls and of God, the blow fell. The governor heard the sentence of excommunication with rage and broke out into a torrent of insults against the Saint. He then ordered the embassy irrevocably halted, put a crew of his own choosing on the "Santa Croce," commanded Pereira to stay at Malacca, but gave leave to the "Santa Croce" to proceed on her journey. Xavier, were he so minded, might sail with her.

In the midst of these sorrows Xavier thought not of himself, but of Pereira and d'Ataide. He had ruined, he said, his merchant friend, for Diogo had put himself to great expense to fit out the ship and enter China in a manner worthy of an envoy of the Viceroy of India, and he was not the man to spare expense or haggle over a few thousand doubloons. Neither was this "royal merchant" given to useless wailings over his losses. With chivalrous generosity, he gave orders that on the "Santa Croce" Xavier should lack no honor or comfort or aid that it was still in his power to give him. As a reward Xavier promised his old friend that neither he nor his children or any of his should ever be in suffering or want, a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter.

But to China Xavier must go. He must bid farewell to the friend whose ship had been his home, then to Pedro de Silva, to all he held dear. No man

ever had a tenderer or more loving heart than Father Francis. As he passed the church only at a stone's throw from the governor's house, he said in a broken voice: "Don Alvaro will see me no more. I shall meet him at the tribunal of God." Then, lifting his arms in the form of a cross, he prayed for his persecutor. His prayer was choked with the sobs of a man whose heart was breaking. He then knelt on the ground, and remained silent for a moment. He then rose, took off his shoes, shook off the dust as he struck them against a post, and in the midst of an appalling silence walked down to the dock and went aboard the "Santa Croce." In the history of Portuguese India there is perhaps no other such a dramatic scene. It was thus that of old the insulted and indignant prophets of Israel left the cities that would not listen to the Word of God.

To the dreadful summons made to Alvaro d'Ataide, Xavier added the words: "God spare and save his soul." That prayer was heard. Not long after this terrible scene, Alvaro returned in disgrace to Portugal, ruined in honor, in name, in health, in fortune. He died miserable and poor, but repentant. He had wrecked the plans of a conqueror and a saint; Xavier's loving prayer for his persecutor's soul undoubtedly brought him back to God. That was his only revenge.

After a brief stay at Singapore, the "Santa Croce" brought Xavier and the two companions who stayed with him to the end, a Malabar, and the Chinese Antonio, to the island of Sancian, a little west of Hong Kong and within sight of the Chinese coast. Canton was but a few miles away. He was within sight of the Promised Land. Its gates were locked and would not open, but the portals to a fairer kingdom would soon be unbarred. Sancian, indented with many little bays and inlets, is a rocky and barren

spot, and was then untenanted of man, save for the Portuguese traders who came ashore from their ships and built temporary huts, which they burned on their departure.

On his arrival at Sancian Xavier found some Portuguese merchants, and among them old friends. Immediately the one subject uppermost in his heart and mind was brought forward. Will they help him to land on that coast of China there, only a stone's throw away? Dearly as they loved Xavier, the plan was impossible. It was death for any Portuguese to enter that inhospitable land. Some had tried it. They had been seized and either immediately put to death or were now undergoing the most frightful tortures in the Canton prison-pens. Xavier realized how truthfully they spoke. But he must go. The land of his dreams is before him! It lures him on as a magnet. Yet the dream does not interfere with the realities of his apostolic life. For the last time he catechizes, visits the sick on the ships, in the huts on the island, appeases quarrels, and at the very end of his course is the same zealous priest, the same staunch and loving friend as he has ever been. There is even a purer flame of light and love and tenderness as the lamp of life is slowly flickering away under the chilling breath of solitude, of disappointment, of vain and empty longing. One by one the sails of the Portuguese ships fade on the horizon, image to the Saint of his vanishing dreams of a kingdom conquered for Christ, but there is a flash of sunshine as they dip beneath the horizon's rim, sure presage of the light of another world, to cheer him with its beam.

September and October came and went. The gates were still barred. Then the hopes of the Saint revived. He had met a Chinese trader, and with him entered upon a sublimely daring bargain. For a sum that would have made the Chinese trader rich for life he

induced him to land him alone at night from his junk on the shore of China. And then, ah, God would do the rest, for was he not in His hands? He that watches the sparrow's flight and gives food to the ravens of the air when their young ones cry for meat, He that overshadowed the holy youths with the wings of archangels in the Babylonian fires, and bade the hungry lions crouch lamb-like at Daniel's feet, He that had guarded him amid the swirling waters and the wrath of men, would hold him with the strength of His everlasting arms and protect him now. "In the name of the Father, of the Son and the Holy Ghost," he will not fear or falter.

Mid-November came and with it the appointed time for the Canton trader to take Xavier to his goal. From the shore the Saint watched the wide expanse of waters; the Chinese junk had not appeared. A few days more he waited, scanning the horizon, every ripple of the waves. Save for the "Santa Croce" at anchor a few cables away, no ship, no sail. Man had failed him. He had now to depend on God alone. The gates of China were barred; slowly the portals of Heaven were being unfolded before him.

Ten years of titanic labors had at last exhausted Xavier's robust frame. The dramatic conflict he had gone through at Malacca, the disappointment he now felt, the shattering of his dreams for the spiritual conquest of the Chinese Empire, the sight of the prize eluding his pursuing grasp, the solitude and actual destitution to which he was now reduced, robbed him of the last remnants of his strength. He felt that he must die. It was God's will. The King was summoning him from the strife of battle to lay down his arms.

Soon after his last hopes for the coming of the Chinese trader had disappeared, Xavier, already faint and sick, had to leave the shelter of the "Santa

Croce," for the rolling of the ship so weakened him and heightened the fever with which he had been attacked, that if he were not taken ashore he must speedily die. On November 23 a friendly Portuguese took him across one of the inlets of Sancian to a hut, which, miserable as it was, afforded some shelter. It faced the sea, and that land which he came to conquer. It lacked every convenience and comfort. Xavier had chosen poverty as his bride. He was faithful unto her to the end. The few crusts of bread which he ate during the next few days had to be begged from the Portuguese still left on the island, who themselves were suffering from hunger and want. Only two companions remained with Xavier—the Chinese, Antonio, and Christopher, the Malabar Indian. It is mainly from the simple recital of the devoted Antonio that we learn the details of the last days of the great missionary.

On that lonely isle, stretched on a coarse pallet on the ground, in absolute poverty, Xavier lay dying. No priest was with him to pronounce a last absolution, to strengthen him for his journey with the Body of his Lord, and anoint him with Holy Oils. But the arms of his crucifix, hung up before him by Antonio, seemed to shelter him within their loving grasp and beckon to him. His friends were gone. He saw the "Santa Croce" riding to the swell of the waves. Where was that dear friend Pereira, where Ignatius and Simon Rodriguez, and Brother John Fernandez, and his friends of Goa? Where that beloved Brother Pierre le Fèvre? Surely they were watching and praying for him now, for his soul, like the soul of his King and the souls of all those whom the King wants to purify, was in sore distress and agony. It was God's holy will that he should so suffer. For as the lightning and the storm strike the loftiest moun-

tain peaks, so, God tries the hearts of those who draw nearest to Him.

Now and again, Antonio tells us, the mind of the Saint seemed to wander. But even then his heart was with God. Even then he prayed and exclaimed: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me"; "Mother of God, remember me." The Holy Name came incessantly to his lips, and the dying soldier of Christ remembered that he was but a sinful man and fervently repeated the prayer, "Do Thou have mercy on my sins." At times Antonio, who understood most of the languages commonly used by Xavier, heard him pray and murmur in an unknown tongue. The old Basque tongue, undoubtedly, the one in which Xavier had recited his prayers at Maria d'Azpilcueta's knees in the dear home on the hills of Navarre. And his mother's face and the face of his father and of that sainted Magdalena, now in heaven, were bending over him. In a flash, the flash that comes to dying men and reveals to them the most hidden pages of their life's record, Francis saw the castle of Xavier, the halls of Sainte Barbe, the Lady chapel at Montmartre, where he had pronounced the vows his lips were framing now, poverty, chastity, obedience, the altar at Vicenza where he had said his first Mass, Goa, the Fishery Coast where he taught the poor to love Christ, the palm-groves of San Thomé, the cities of Japan, and last, the great empire he had tried to enter.

And as lifting his eyes he saw the curving shores of the Promised yet forbidden Land, he blessed God for all His goodness, and with all his old enthusiasm and faith, all his love and unfaltering hope, exclaimed: "In Thee I have hoped; I shall not be confounded forever." A prophecy marked his last days. The Malabar was standing by his bedside. Xavier fixed his glance steadily and sadly upon him. That glance had often read the secrets of the heart. It

now read the future. "Wretched man!" he exclaimed. The import of the Saint's words remained for some time obscure. After his death, the Malabar, forgetting his master's holy example, led a life of sin and was at last killed in a vulgar brawl.

The end was fast approaching. On November 27, an hour or two after midnight, as the faithful Chinese lay wrapped in his cloak by his master's bed, he heard a faint murmur. Francis stirred, and lifted his eyes to the crucifix. The wind came through the crevices in the walls of the hut, the sea rose slightly, the black hull of the "Santa Croce" careened a little to the heaving wave, the lapping of the waters creeping up the shingle of the beach faintly pulsed in the ears of the dying Saint. Antonio bent over Xavier, gently twined the unresisting fingers round the blessed candle, symbol of faith, charity and hope, and knelt to receive a last blessing. Francis lifted his eyes to Heaven, then bent his head. His soul had gone to God!

Death does not close the career of the Saints. On their transfer from Sanchian and Malacca to their final resting place at Goa, the hallowed remains of the apostle met such a triumph as the East had seldom witnessed. All India knelt to do them reverence. Though dead, he seemed as one who still lived among them. That body which Xavier had ever shielded with angelic chastity had not been tainted by the corruption of the grave. He looked like one that slumbered and the blood seemed to be coursing through his frame.

The crowning glory came when on the twelfth of March, 1622, Xavier was solemnly enrolled among the Saints by Gregory XV. He was canonized together with his master and friend, Ignatius Loyola. They had been united in labor and love, they were not to be separated in glory. And every year, the twelfth

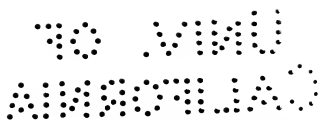
of March, anniversary of the day when the Church officially recognized Xavier as one of the holiest among her children, sees millions of her Faithful close that Novena of Grace made in his honor and which is invariably crowned with extraordinary favors.

The old capital of India so dear to Xavier has lost nearly all its former glory. Goa is a city of memories and ruins. Its streets are deserted and overgrown with grass. The docks, once crowded with the fleets of the East, have been beaten down by sand and sea. A petty official rules over a mere handful of European traders and natives in the city where men like John de Castro governed an empire. But in Goa Xavier rests. The presence of his hallowed remains, still untainted by corruption, fully compensates for the glories she has lost. On the days which recall the memory of the apostle, to his Church and shrine of *Bom Jesus*, thousands come to do him reverence. All India, all the East, sends her representatives, Cingalese and Paravas, men of Travancore, the children of that Japan which he so tenderly loved. On those days Goa seems to regain out of the dim past something of her olden splendor.

If in Goa Xavier still lives, he also lives and energizes in the Catholic Church. Few Saints are so popular as he. He is adventure and romance, epic and fairy tale ennobled and sanctified. In him the labors and zeal of the apostle are blended with perfect union with God. His long journeys, the perils he encountered from the elements and the wickedness of man, his zeal and enthusiasm, his unworldliness, his loyalty to the King he had chosen, his knightly daring, his gaiety and loveliness, his miracles, the sorrows he bore without a murmur, the enemies he made, the friends he won, the lightning-like rapidity of his conquests, the fruits of his preaching in the hearts of Hindu, Malay, Japanese and European, the

blessings which even now are given by God in his name, have made him one of the great figures in her history and endeared him to her children. Men opposed to all the truths which Xavier taught and to the religion which he prized above all earthly possessions, in the présence of this giant, feel all their prejudices hushed and seem forced in spite of themselves to praise not only the apostle himself, but to recognize the truth of the religion which he preached. Thus Xavier becomes in his life and virtues, in the results he produced for the good of souls, a proof of the Divinity of the religion which he carried to the remotest East.

Saint though he was, Xavier toiled with all the frailties inherent in humanity. His work was, in its agent and instrument, the work of man, as such necessarily weak and subject to decay. Not all of it has survived. Many of the Churches founded by the Apostles themselves and their successors in Palestine and Syria and northern Africa, are no more. Some of the missions which Xavier founded in India as well as in the Moluccas have practically disappeared. The ruin of that splendid work can be readily explained. The fall of the Portuguese power, the natural protector of the Catholic missions; the transfer of sovereignty over those vast regions to the Protestant States like England and Holland, Mussulman persecution of the most cruel nature, the lack of missionaries, may account for the partial disappearance. But among the Paravas and in Travancore, Xavier's Faith is the Faith of thousands. The seed cast by him into the soil of Japan has never been trampled out. A few years after his departure more than 400,000 Christians could be found in the islands, and years of one of the most cruel and cunning persecutions in the history of the Church could not blot out the



Faith which he had taught in success at Yamaguchi, in disappointment and tears at Miyako.

In the Catholic Church, and this is one of his greatest titles to glory, Xavier is the apostle of the heroic virtues, of contempt for the prizes of earth, of enthusiasm, of burning love of his Crucified King, of a love as ardent for the souls which Christ redeemed. He is a voice and a trumpet that summons to high endeavor and chivalrous emprise. Where he trod, and inspired by his example, others were proud to follow. He is the captain, the guide of the white-robed army of the Priests of the Foreign Missions like Théophane Vanard, of the Sons of Francis, Dominic and Ignatius, like John de Britto, his successor in India, and Charles Spinola, his imitator in Japan, who carried the Cross further even than he could venture, and who for their Faith gladly laid down their lives. Following the trail which Francis had pointed out but which he was not allowed to blaze, and crowning his dreams with unexpected splendors, his Jesuit brothers Ricci and Verbiest lift the Cross over the royal palace of Peking and are received as priests and ambassadors in that vast empire at whose barred doors he died. With Xavier's strength, zeal and romantic daring in their hearts, Marquette preaches Christ amid the smoke of Indian campfires, and after discovering the great river, dies almost alone in the solitude of the forest, while Jogues and Brébeuf bury themselves in the Canadian wilderness amid the wigwams of their fiercest enemies and stain the snows with their martyrs' blood, and far to the South other brethren of his preach the Gospel to the tribes of the Amazon and the Parana, and, recalling the pastoral scenes of olden Arcady, with the Gospel as their Constitution, build the sylvan republics of the Indian Reductions of Paraguay.

The work of heroes of the Faith like Xavier can

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never die. To reward them for their whole-souled devotion to Him, God constantly revives their virtues in the hearts of others and endows their work with something of His own strength and immortality.

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